St. Joseph's Anthology

M. Russell, S.J.

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SAINT JOSEPH'S ANTHOLOGY

Poems in Praise of the Foster-Father
Gathered from many Sources

BY THE

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL," "MADONNA," ETC.

"Of Hebrew patriarchs last
And chief. The Holy House at Nazareth
He ruled benign, God's warder with white hairs."

AUBREY DE VERE.

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PREFACE

This book has grown out of a small appendix of poems about Saint Joseph which, under the same name, I attached many years ago to a new edition of *The Month of Saint Joseph*, compiled by a singularly devoted client of the Saint, Father Michael Archbold Kavanagh, S.J. (1805–1863). Its growth has been so slow, it has taken so long to get into print, that it seemed ready for publication many years ago,—so much so that I had then already drawn up a dedication to Judge O'Hagan, who is more than six years dead. "Your name [I said] is too distinguished to be linked with so small a thing as this. To him who confided to your care the treasure you value most on earth, a famous little book was once inscribed 'in earnest admiration of his heart, his intellect, and his principles.' In earnest admiration of your heart, your intellect, and your principles, I dedicate to you this little book about the great Saint whose feast is your birthday."[1]

In order to give the book a greater air of novelty, and to save it from the appearance of being a mere compilation, I have put first my own pieces—the first two forming a sort of preface to the collection—and then the poems written by some who are kind enough to let me claim them as my friends. In very many cases these pieces were written at my request and with a view to the destiny which has now at length befallen them. This is true in particular of the first thirty

[1] Born at Newry, March 19th, 1822. Died at Glenaveena, Howth, near Dublin, November 12th, 1890.

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poems, and of several others—especially the translated pieces, which fill the last pages of the volume.

For many of these poems I am indebted to *The Ave Maria*, *Catholic World*, *Poor Souls' Friend and Saint Joseph's Monitor*, *Saint Joseph's Sheaf*, and especially to *The Irish Monthly*, which (besides the Editor's too ample share) had the privilege of publishing the contributions of Aubrey de Vere, Rosa Mulholland, Mrs. Hinkson, Father Fitzpatrick, Helena Callanan, Magdalen Rock, T. H. Wright, and some others.

The poems of the Rev. Dr. Cummings, William D. Kelly, the Rev. Clarence Walworth, Eleanor Donnelly, Elizabeth Stace, Harriet Skidmore, Father Edmund Hill, C.P., and Virginia MacSherry are American tributes to Saint Joseph.

The Editor will be glad to be told of any errors or omissions that may be detected. Perhaps some readers may be prompted to offer a tribute of their own. Such additional poems will be welcome intruders into a volume of prose in honour of Saint Joseph which is likely to appear before a second edition of this *Anthology* can be required.

I once asked the gifted and holy Irishman to whom this book was to have been dedicated why they had not given him the name of the great Saint on whose feast he was born. "Oh, Saint Joseph had not travelled so far north in *my* time." May these pages enable our humble Patriarch to travel a little farther north! May they help to kindle in our cold hearts a little more of the trustful love which we know we ought to feel towards the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Foster-Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

Fac nos innocuam, Joseph, decurrere vitam,
Sitque tuo semper tuta patrocinio.

A blameless life, Saint Joseph, make us lead,
By thy kind patronage from danger freed.

M. R.

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SAINT JOSEPH'S ANTHOLOGY

THE CARPENTER'S GARDEN[1]

A GARDEN of fresh flowers. 'Tis well!
  But why Saint Joseph's, pray?
Saint Joseph was no gardener;
  That was not Joseph's way.
No garden neat smiled round his cot—
  Too busy and too poor
To keep one little bed of flowers
  Beside his cottage door.
At his rude trade from morn till night
  He wrought with cheerful mind;
He fixed his eyes upon his task,
  And never looked behind.
Saint Joseph was a carpenter,
  And plied the livelong day
His saw and plane and homely tools
  For a poor workman's pay.
A carpenter, not gardener:
  No fragrant fruits and flowers
Shed sweetness on his path through life—
  Path bleaker far than ours.

[1] The title of this volume is taken from a Greek word which means "a gathering of flowers." An apology seems needed for choosing a name that would be more appropriate if Saint Joseph had been a gardener.

But yet Saint Joseph's flowers we cull,
More sweet and bright and fair
Than those that throw their coloured light
O'er castle's gay parterre.
From earth the perfume of his flowers
Reached paradise above—
The lily of his purity,
The red rose of his love,
His violet of humility
That won the heart of Him
Whom Magdalen took for gardener
When her eyes with tears were dim.
May these sweet flowers be also ours!
May Joseph's sunny smile
Melt, warm, illumine, purify,
And life's dull road beguile!
May we through Joseph's fostering care
Join yet the white-robed bands
That sing in heaven the mystic song,
With lilies in their hands!

THE EDITOR.

PROGRESS OF DEVOTION TO SAINT JOSEPH

THEY say this moonlit orb of ours is not, as erst was thought,
Third 'mid the planets which the sun within his spell has caught—
That nearer than what nearest seems, too near for our weak sight,
A planet rolls, by us unseen, lost in excess of light.
E'en thus within the Christian's ken was Joseph long obscured
Through very nearness to his Lord; his hidden life endured,

And Saints less near and far less dear seemed almost to have won
A higher glory in the Church of Holy Mary's Son.

Yet so it never could have been ; for who could look with love
Back to the Home of Nazareth and up to Heaven above,
And see our Blessed Lady there, with Jesus Christ her Child,
And then Saint Joseph close to both, the Patriarch meek and mild—
Who thus could gaze in fond amaze nor feel his mind and heart
Constrained to make for this great Saint an inner shrine apart,
Above the highest of God's Saints, his own dear Spouse below ?—
Thus shall we honour whom the King hath deigned to honour so.

Ere yet the pious Chancellor his Josephina [1] wove,
Ere yet Teresa tried to pour her own confiding love
Into the hearts of all—e'en then religious souls in prayer
Must needs in Joseph's patronage have yearned and prayed to share.
But now, thank God, we are not left to these cold hearts of ours :
The Church proclaims Saint Joseph's worth, his glories and his powers ;
And from all lands ascend to thee men's ardent prayers and vows,
O Foster-father of our Lord, the Virgin's virgin Spouse!

THE EDITOR.

[1] Gerson's poem of three thousand Latin hexameters in praise of Saint Joseph.

SAINT JOSEPH, OUR FATHER

O FATHER of my Lord! most near and dear
To those whom I would fain hold nearest, dearest,—
My love is growing all too bold, I fear,
So kind and fatherly the face thou wearest.
Yet, great Saint Joseph! let me, let me call thee
Father, and in a father's rights instal thee.

For thou wert father unto Him who said,
And bade us say unto the Same, *Our Father!*
And e'en as one, whose hour of life is sped,
Will his loved kindred round his pillow gather;
So did thy Son, our Elder Brother, measure
His failing breath to leave to us His treasure.

He from His dying couch (a hard one!) spake
To John and us: "Behold, behold your Mother!"
Nay, like thine namesake, when we guilty quake,
"Fear not," He whispers, "am not I your brother?"
Thus, Joseph, art thou father to our Brother,
O Spouse of Mary! Husband of our Mother!

Saint, envied most of all the Saints in Heaven!
Highest (save One) of all beneath Divine,
To thee, in sooth, most blessed lot was given—
What heaven has best, on earth was wholly thine.
Thy head was laid on Jesus' breast when dying,
And Mary hung above thee, mutely sighing.

Ah! by the sadness of that happy hour,
Haste to my aid when my last hour is come;
Patron of Death! prove then thy sovereign power—
Bring me to her—to Him—oh! bring me home.
Thy smile and hers will soothe my soul's misgiving,
When He, thy Foster-Child, shall judge the dead and living.

THE EDITOR.

TO SAINT JOSEPH

SONNET

Saints know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint!
And would that I could feel a little part
Of that great love Theresa's kindred heart
Felt for thee, Foster-father! But the taint,
The chill, is on my soul; and few and faint
The prayers that from this earthy bosom dart
Up to that heavenly throne whereon thou art
In glory, not too high to hear my plaint.

Patron of all who work in humble ways!
Pray that from pure and earnest motive I
May fill with patient toil the moments flying;
Patron of happy death-beds! when my days
Have reached their term, be thou, dear Joseph! nigh,
With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

The Editor.

SAINT JOSEPH'S LILY

She chose for her own wee garden
The corner that farthest lay
From the merry babble and laughter
Of the croqueteers at play.
Away in the farthest corner
She chose one tiny bed,
And she fenced it round with boxwood,
And "This is my own," she said.

She sowed pink Pride of London
And blue Forget-me-not,
With many a pretty flower
Whose name I have forgot.

But of all her flowers the dearest
Saint Joseph's lily pure,
For she herself is Lillie,
And dear to the Saint, I'm sure.

Alas ! the lily faded
Within that garden-bed,
Yet not in vain the maiden
Her smiles had o'er it shed.
Saint Joseph now will tend her
With still more loving care :
He will make her heart his garden,
And plant his lily there.

THE EDITOR.

SAINT JOSEPH AT CLONGOWES

(APRIL 26TH, 1896)

Alma Mater loquitur

OF many sons the loving, anxious mother,
I come to dedicate them all to thee :
Thou wilt commend them to thy Spouse, and she
To her dear Son, our King, Redeemer, Brother.
May never sin with its allurements smother
The seeds of wisdom planted here by me,
And may my children now and always be
True to themselves, to God, and one another !

To me in trust by those who love them lent,
How many a prayer for each is heavenward sent !
May they the hopes of those fond hearts fulfil.
Saint Joseph, make them, while with me they stay,
Earnest and joyous both at work and play,
And may they leave me pure as children still !

THE EDITOR.

SAINT JOSEPH

O Foster-father of the All-Divine!
Can He who rules in His high realm forget
The little hand that clung of old to thine?
And doth not the young Jesus love thee yet?

Oh, dost thou carry now a lovelier light
And wear a whiter lily than the rest
Of those irradiate souls who glad His sight?
No other bore that Babe upon his breast.

Thou hadst a part in Mary's mystic joy
As walked she in the fields of Nazareth,
And shared her agony when the God-boy
Begirt Himself for travel toward the Death!

Thou heard'st the Angel's message, and didst go
Obedient into Egypt with the Son
And His fair Maiden-Mother! Even so
Ensured was the Redemption, yet undone.

Under the palm, beneath the night-blue sky
Encircled by the stars, thou madest a bed,
Cool in the grass, whereon the King might lie
In slumber safe, thou watching by His head.

Doth not thy God, remembering, turn on thee
An Eye of Light that shineth on thy face
With filial love that lives? Eternally,
By Jesus' side, O Joseph, is thy place!

Rosa Mulholland.

SAINT JOSEPH, HEAD OF THE HOLY FAMILY

Unique in all the unnumbered host of heaven,
Guardian of Mary and of Mary's Son,
Bethlehem to thee and Nazareth were given,
The desert flight and pagan home in One.
And who could count thy thousand acts of love?
Bearing the Babe upon a father's breast;
Ere yet His frame its upright strength could prove,
Winning His bread, and safeguarding His rest.
In Nazareth's depth that richness lies concealed,
The treasury of the Childhood unrevealed.
No day without thee of those sacred days,
No day without thy toil and winning ways.
Tenderest of all the ties which Love divine
Invented for the saving Adam's line,
The mysteries of the Hidden Life are kept
For love redeemed adoring to accept.
One step, one look, one touch, the least record
Recalling memory of the Hidden Lord,
When Mary "kept the words" of that blest time,
Would lift each pondering heart to height sublime.
And so from land to land and age to age
The youthful nun and the perfected sage
Have drawn fresh thoughts from that exhaustless deep,
And by love kindled to that vision leap.[1]
Alone thou barest Mary's three days' loss,
Seeking Him sorrowing with a father's care,
With her the guerdon sharing as the cross,
To find in God's own temple the lost heir.

[1] All that Saint Bonaventure, Saint Teresa, Saint Gertrude, Blessed Mary d'Agreda, Sister Emmerich, and so many others have left on this subject, may be considered their meditations on the words of Saint Luke (ii. 51): "He went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject to them." To one of them Our Lord in vision said, "I will give thee one of My steps."

At that high vision, when the temple heard
First vocal teaching of the Incarnate Word,
And suddenly the Messenger had come
To find His people in His Father's home,
On thee too came an unconceived reward,
To share with Mary a yet closer guard.
That care once ended, by the Boyhood wrought,
Began thy greater part the Manhood brought;
To take the obedience of those eighteen years
Which passes human thought and human tears.
And so, in recompense for Mary's life,
Guarded through endless scenes of human strife,
Alike on thee and her was laid the load,
Unknown to creature, of commanding God,
When in that solitude both seen and felt
The world's Creator and Redeemer dwelt;
That secret household wherein two alone
In every accent knew the Speaker's tone,
Adored the Face by no man yet adored,
And owned the heavenly Subject for their Lord.
That Hidden Life for thee was ne'er to cease,
Breathing around perpetual light and peace.
Unique as in thy life, so in thy death,
Beside thee Jesus promised, Mary prayed,
Thy Saviour's blessing crowned thy fleeting breath,
And earth's dear Trinity was all displayed.

T. W. Allies.

SAINT JOSEPH'S DAILY WORK

Ho, ye that toil, and ye that spin,
For Joseph's sake your tasks revere!
He toiled the Saviour's bread to win,
To clothe that God who shaped the sphere.

True Prince of David's line! thy chair
Is set on every poor man's floor:
Labour through thee a crown doth wear
More rich than kingly crowns of yore.

True Confessor! thine every deed,
While error ruled the world, or night,
Confessed aright the Christian creed,
The Christian warfare waged aright.

Teach me, like thee, my heart to raise,
In toil, not ease, contemplatist;
Like thee o'er lowly tasks to gaze
On Her whose eyes were still on Christ.

Teach, teach me, thou whose ebbing breath
Was watched by Mary and her Son,
To welcome age, await in death
True life's true garland, justly won.

AUBREY DE VERE.

SAINT JOSEPH'S DOUBT

'TWAS not her tear his doubt subdued;
No word of hers announced her Christ;
In dream alone that Angel stood
With warning hand. A dream sufficed.

Where faith is strong, though light be dim,
How faint a beam reveals how much!
The Hand that made the worlds on him
Descended with a father's touch.

"Blessèd for ever who believed:"
Like Her, through faith his crown he won;
His *heart* the Babe divine conceived;
His heart was sire of Mary's Son.

Hail, Image of the Father's Might !
The heavenly Father's human shade !
Hail, silent King whose yoke was light !
Hail, Foster-sire whom Christ obeyed !

Hail, Warder of God's Church beneath,
Thy vigil keeping at her door
For thirty years at Nazareth !
So guard, so guide her evermore !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SAINT JOSEPH'S HOUSE

GLADSOME and pure was Eden's bower :—
Saint Joseph's house was holier far,
More rich in Love's auguster dower,
More amply lit by Wisdom's star.

The Paraclete his heart possessed ;
His awe was love, his love was awe ;
What prophet-kings in lifelong quest
Desired to see he daily saw.

The Queen of Virgins, where he sate,
Beside him stood and watched his hand,
His daughter-wife, his angel mate,
Submissive to his least command.

Hail, Patriarch blest and sage ! on earth
Thine was the bridal of the skies !
Thy house was heaven : for by its hearth
A God reposed in mortal guise.

Hail ! life most sweet in life's decline !
Hail death, than life more bright, more blest !
The hands of Mary clasping thine !
Thy head upon the Saviour's breast !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SAINT JOSEPH'S PATRONAGE

The Apostle's life, the Martyr's death,
The all conquering Word, all wondrous Sign,
Have greatness sense-discerned. By faith,
And faith alone, we reach to thine.

Through lower heavens those others run,
Fair planets kenned by untaught eyes;
Thy saintlier light is later won,
Serener gleam from lonelier skies.

Thou stand'st within: they move without:
More near the God-Man is thy place;
On that one thought we rest, nor doubt
That as thy greatness was thy grace.

No priestly tiar, no prophet rod
Were thine: with them thou art who zone
The altar of Incarnate God,
Who throng the white steps of the Throne.

A hierarchy apart they sit,
A Royal House benign yet dread,
In Godhead veiled, by Godhead lit:—
There highest shines thy silver head.

Aubrey de Vere.

SAINT JOSEPH

I.

Father, forgive me, if I pitied thee,
When the dark night of gloom and doubt came down,
Quenching the sunshine of thy sympathy,
And all thy reverential love had grown

Sickly and blanchèd in thy baleful light ;
Till the soft starlight of her wistful eyes
Rebuked thee meekly ; then the dawn loomed bright,
Broadened and beamed ; and thou, ashamed and wise,
Thy shame, thy wisdom, and thy dear delight,
Didst see, beneath thy child-wife's gentle guise,
Silent and solemn as the hooded night,
Empress of earth, and regent of the skies.

II.

Father, befriend me, for I wept for thee,
Bent 'neath the burden of thy tutelage,
That lonely night, beneath the starry sea,
Where no one nigh, thy anguish to assuage,
Thou, and thy child-wife, and her Child unborn,
Turned from the warmth and light to dusk and cold ;
Yearned for a glimpse even of the winter's morn,
And nought remained but cave and cattle-fold.
The anthems thrilling through the starlit haze
Peal upon peal of jubilation rolled ;
But the Child shivered ; and thou in thine amaze
Worshipped and grieved and wondered ; for, behold !
The cold blanched Face lit with celestial rays,
And radiance rained athwart the snowy wold.

III.

O weary Fugitive, I mourned for thee,
Guide of the Exiles o'er the desert sands ;
Wondering that Omnipotence should flee
Its creatures impotent, though with imbrued hands.
The wail in Rama echoed o'er the waste,
The cries of Rachel pierced thee to the heart ;
Hoping, distrusting, thou didst quickly haste
O'er lonely sands, through din of throngèd mart ;

And 'neath the temple of the worshipped Sun,
Didst place the treasures that to Heaven belong.
Before the Sun of Justice, one by one,
The idols vanished; but the Child waxed strong.
Did dreams of Galilæan mountains mar thy bliss
By storied Nile, and Heliopolis?

IV.

Patron of happy deaths! I envied thee,
The hands of Jesus clasped beneath thy head,
The angels murmuring some soft litany—
The welcome to the dying from the dead,
Dim choirs of patriarchs. Th' imprisoned race
Strained for thy advent, herald of the dawn,
Thine own dim eyes did crave for that dear Face,
Whose sweetness ne'er was clouded nor withdrawn.
Father, be with me when the light burns low,
And the life-flame doth flicker and grow dim;
Cool with thy gentle hand my fevered brow,
Open mine ears to the celestial hymn.
Saint by thy sorrows, purchase this last grace:
Unveil to death-closed eyes thy dear, sweet face.

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

THE FOSTER-FATHER

WHEN lifts the veil from off the hallowed scene
Where for long years with thee the Incarnate dwelt,
Adoring oft, as by thy side He knelt,
That Father whose best emblem thou hast been:
Then shall thy greatness and thy virtue shine
As fairest landscape wakes to morning's light,
Revealing charms o'ershadowed through the night—
Thou honoured guardian of the Child Divine!

Spouse of His Spouse, protector of His Son,
Thy God has trusted to thy gentle care
Whatever heav'n or earth had of most fair.
That garden thou didst tend, O favoured one!
Where Aaron's Rosebud smiled in virgin bloom,
And Israel's Lily, budding sweetly, grew,
And Jesse's root bore flower of brightest hue
In God's own Son, the fruit of Mary's womb.

How oft within thy arms did He recline
Who in the bosom of His Father's love
Through countless ages lay in heaven above—
Now in His exile nestling close to thine.
How many a time He slept secure and calm,
To slumbers wooed upon thy holy breast,
With blessed converse sweetly lulled to rest,
Lisping His Father's praise in Hebrew psalm.

Thy love for Him that Child shall yet reveal,
Thou worker in thy Maker's mighty plan!
Thy care for Her of whom was God made man
The holy walls of Nazareth's house unseal.
Tuneful of thee, where'er thy feet have trod,
The lonely desert yet shall hymn thy praise,
And distant Egypt echo back its lays,
Thou hidden Saint of still more hidden God!

Adopted Father of thy God, bestow
Thy care on us adopted sons of God;
He needs it now no more as when He trod
The paths of pain and suffering here below.
For *His* sake be to us what thou hast been
To Him and to His Virgin-Mother here—
Guide, guardian, friend, consoler, father dear,
Till in our Home our Father's face is seen.

Rev. John A. Naughton, S.J.

JESUS AND JOSEPH

My Love! I know not if Thou art
More gracious or more dear,
Pressed close unto thy Mother's heart,
Or when Thou workest near
To him who plays the father's part.

For when I see Thee at the breast
Of Mary, Mother-Maid,
Thy winsomeness is all express'd,
And none may be afraid
To plead with Thee or make his quest.

But when at Joseph's side I see
Thee as the working-boy,
I marvel at the mystery
Of that so hard employ,
And then with tears I worship Thee.

And I would kiss Thy bruisèd Hand,
And bathe Thy aching Feet,
And fain beside Thee would I stand
Through all the cold and heat,
And waiting beg for Thy command.

And I would lift the heavy load
That else might fall to Thee,
And traverse all the dusty road
To carry, thankfully,
What Mary needs in her abode.

And I would seek when day was done
One smile, one loving word,
And deem the favour better won
Than wealth of all the world,
O Loving and most Lovely One!

REV. DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

SAINT JOSEPH OF SION HILL

Saint Joseph ! He from whom is named
All earth's paternity,
While yet He dwelt amongst us, claimed
A father's care from thee ;
And she, whom "David's mighty tower"
And "Christian's Help" we call,
Leaned on thy strength in danger's hour,
And trusted thee for all.

He who upholds the great round earth,
And speeds the starry train,
Who gives the little birds their birth,
And feeds the flowers with rain ;
Who shines in sun, bedews in shower,
To fructify earth's soil,
Now seems a child bereft of power,
Dependent on thy toil.

See o'er the desert swift they go,
To Egypt far away,
Saint Joseph's prudence wills it so,
Saint Joseph leads the way ;
And when once more they homeward wend,
Not theirs again the choice :
God's secret guidance they attend,
And Joseph is God's voice.

In Nazareth, home of peace and prayer,
Saint Joseph still holds sway,
He bears the weight of toil and care,
They love and they obey.
Does any doubt perplexing rise ?
Saint Joseph's voice will guide.
In every need love trusting cries,
"Saint Joseph will provide !"

O Joseph ! we who in degree
Would tread the path they trod,
And make our earthly dwelling be
Like that dear home of God,
Entreat thee dwell among us too,
To aid, provide, defend,
To give us good in season due
As father and as friend !

And, oh ! by all thy peaceful years,
By all the dangers run,
By all the joys, by all the fears,
For Mary and her Son ;
Oh ! by thy peaceful failing breath,
Jesus and Mary nigh,
Be with us, Joseph, at our death,
And help us all to die.

SISTER MARY STANISLAUS MACCARTHY, O.S.D.

TO SAINT JOSEPH

RAISED above the gleaming rows of Angels,
High above the glorious throngs of Saints,
Far above the point where proudest Reason
Stands with folded arms, or soaring faints,
There, O glorious Saint, we know thou reignest
Minister of Heaven, as thou art,
Chosen of the Lord and His Messiah,
Favoured friend of the Almighty's Heart !

Yet, not there we'll strive to learn thy greatness.
What are we when gazing heavenward ?
Here, on earth, we find thy highest honour,
Death must show to us thy grand reward.

Here, we find thy wondrous, holy glory—
Thou wert sought by God, and counted just,
Bid to guard His richest, choicest treasures,
Father, thou wert worthy of the trust.
Glorious in thy joyous, prompt obedience,
Godlike in thy simple, earnest truth,
Thou wert fit to work and care for Jesus,
Fit to guard the Virgin-Mother's youth.

So we've ever known thee, holy Joseph,
Strength to weakness, comfort in distress,
Gentle with the sweetness learned of Jesus,
Humble with perfection's lowliness.
Oh, thou art a wise and tender Father—
We could tell thee all our hearts could hold—
Tell thee all our faults, and fears, and weakness;
Never fear to find thee stern and cold,
Never dread the hard unbending justice,
Fault of goodness less complete than thine,
Which rejects with pitiless upbraiding,
When its strength with sweetness should combine,
Slashes back the hands, that, stretched in groping,
Seek a stronger, wiser one to lead,
Spurning us because our eyes are dazzled,
Leaving us in darkness deep indeed.

Ah, thou knowest when our hearts are trembling
With a yearning love of God again,
When a thousand cares are crowding round us,
Thou art strength, and help, and guidance then.
Let us stretch our hands in trouble towards thee,
They are caught and prisoned in thine own,
As, of old, the little hands of Jesus;
In thine eyes we read but love alone.
If we call upon thy name in sorrow,
We are sure of ready sympathy,
For the love of them whose sacred accents
Spoke thy name, with love, in Galilee.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

So, of glorious Saints, we hold thee highest,
By the honour of that wondrous trust,
Which thy wisdom and thy sweet perfection
Won thee, when God sought and found thee "just,"
So we see thee standing, sweetest, grandest,
As the emblem-lily in thy hand
Rises fairest 'mid her sister flowers—
Gleaming like an Angel in the land.
So we long to love and trust thee ever,
In thy guiding hands most safe to rest,
Knowing thou wilt bring us unto Jesus
In the happy kingdom of the blest.

JOSEPHINE MACAULAY BLACK.

LITANY OF THE HOLY FAMILY

GOD revealed in aspect mild !
Virgin-Mother undefiled !
Guardian of the Holy Child !
Jesus, Mary, Joseph !
Your protection we implore,
Patrons of the humble poor,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph !

Son of Mary, Son of God,
Smitten by the smiter's rod,
We would tread where Thou hast trod,
Lowly Jesus !
We would share Thy cross of pain,
Losing all, Thyself to gain,
Holy Jesus !

Who that knows the power to bless
Of a woman's tenderness
Would not turn in his distress,
Holy Mary,

To the shelter of thy breast,
Where the Highest deigned to rest,
Holy Mary?

We, who strive and toil and faint,
Raise our supplicating plaint
Unto thee, our patron saint,
Holy Joseph!
Guard the precincts of our home
From the evil yet to come,
Holy Joseph!

God revealed in aspect mild!
Virgin-Mother undefiled!
Guardian of the Holy Child!
Jesus, Mary, Joseph!
Your protection we implore,
Keep us now and evermore,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

T. H. WRIGHT.

SERO COGNOVI TE

I SOUGHT from far a peak whose summit proud
Rose o'er its fellows like a giant's spear.
In vain: th' horizon, far across the mere,
Lay wrapt in an impenetrable shroud.
"You look too low," they said: "above the cloud!"
I looked and saw, snow-white and crystal-clear,
High in the heavens, the mighty peak appear,
While the low hills lay hid, in homage bowed.[1]

[1] The phenomenon described in the first eight lines is a simple fact of experience. I had a curious repetition of it the last time I saw Mount Teneriffe, but the mountain here referred to is one of the Apennine range, and I was standing on the Alban Mount when the phenomenon occurred. It was so striking that I half

Thus tower'd, as o'er the hills, in Holy Land,
Saint Joseph ; but I saw him not. Forlorn
I entered Christ's true Church ; then once more scanned
The record of the days when Christ was born,—
Lifting my new-purged eyes, I saw him stand
Snow-white above the clouds that veiled the Morn.

REV. FREDERICK C. KOLBE, D.D.

TWO SONNETS TO SAINT JOSEPH

I.

O STATELY snow-white head, bent down with all
The mingled majesty of years and care,
I see the smile thy tender lips doth wear—
Within that light I cannot faint or fall.
I know an aching heart can never call
In vain to thine, for boundless love is there
And pity, quick to clasp the trembling prayer
That links the earth and sky, the vast and small.

Fair guiding star, Saint Joseph ! let me creep
Towards thee from the mist of these grey days.
Let me recall the vigils thou didst keep
Beneath the Eastern moon's pale amber rays,
When thy voice lulled the Lord of life to sleep,
And then with glad adoring sang His praise.

thought it might be due to some kind of mirage. Be that as it may, I at once said to myself, "That is one of Nature's morals, expressed in a visible poem ; I failed to see, because I looked too low." Also the thought of Saint Joseph came immediately before me : the few touches in the Gospel represent him at such dazzling heights of sanctity that it is easily possible to miss seeing his true grandeur through not looking high enough. A faithfulness which rivalled that of the Angels of God, and a prudence worthy to command the Incarnate Word, are likely to be invisible at the level of the horizon of ordinary mortality. Is this the reason why Saint Joseph rose so slowly to full appreciation even within the Church, while outside he has never been appreciated at all?

II.

I see thee stand with Mary's hand in thine,
The exile's path before thee, and behind
The hills of Juda, swept by the fierce wind
That wailed above the babes of Jacob's line.
I bless thee for the noble, steadfast mind
The Virgin leant on, like a clinging vine,
When men were harsh and rest was hard to find;
For earth knew not the gift of love divine
That grew upon it 'neath thy fost'ring hand
Till all the glory filled the golden land,
And all thy tasks were finished, one by one—
The time was ripe, thy blessèd work well done,
When God the Father gathered thee to stand
And wait the sweet home-coming of His Son.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

THE DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH

CLOSE folded to the heart of Christ to die,
While Mary, wrapt in tearless prayer, knelt near,
Was guerdon of full many a golden year,
That, fraught with rich ripe fruit, had glided by
In nurture of his Lord come from on high;
The while sweet memories haunt the lowly bed,
Of chastened love in all the years now sped.
He dieth not; he goes before; no sigh
For severed hearts breaks in upon his peace.
Dear Saint! this meed be ours when toil is done,
The scroll of duty written, and release
Comes, and the coronal of glory won—
To scan with peaceful trust the way we've trod,
Then lapse to sleep that wakes to Heaven and God!

REV. P. J. MCCURTIN, S.J.

A MARCH SONNET

O THOU dear Saint, who bearest in thy hand
A silver-shining lily! now thy praise
Is sung by those who love thee, for the days
Of windy March are in the wakening land.
Beloved of Mary! now I see thee stand
Beside the Crib with wondering raptured gaze,
Or tending the Child Christ through toilsome ways
O'er the far-stretching lonely desert sand.

Beloved of Jesus! would my words were meet
To reach thee in the sunshine of His face
And bloom as pale March flowers about thy feet—
To rise and greet thee in thy heavenly place,
In shape of violets odorous and sweet
And with the late-born primroses' fair grace.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

O HAPPY SAINT!

O HAPPY Saint! what lofty place
Thou holdest in the realm of grace!
How high, how holy was thy trust!
How faithful thou, how pure, how just!

To thy dear care did God confide
His chosen Child, thy Virgin-Bride,
And bound thee by thy plighted vows
To chastely guard his Spirit's spouse.

And, oh! what wondrous honour thine
To guard, to rear the Child Divine,

Whose love for thee, so sweetly won,
Was such He would be called thy Son.

How honoured in thy daily toil
To work with Jesus all the while!
How honoured in thy hours of rest
When Jesus lay upon thy breast!

How honoured in thy holy death
When Mary watched thy parting breath,
And Jesus gave thee that sweet grace—
To end thy days in His embrace.

Oh! pray that I may also die,
Jesus and Mary standing by
To bless and cheer me in life's close,
And lead me into heaven's repose.

REV. JAMES CONNOLLY.

ECCLESIÆ UNIVERSALIS PATRONUS

BLESSED Saint Joseph! all the nations claim
Some holy saint as specially their own,
But under the protection of thy name
The universal Church itself is thrown.

Father and friend and intercessor, thou
Art ever to the least of all Christ's flock,
But by a new-won title honoured now,
Thou overshadowest Saint Peter's Rock.

The Church, Christ's own beloved one, doth lean
Upon thine arm, as on a sure defence,
And in no creature, save creation's Queen,
Has she such loving, trusting confidence.

On earth the Holy Family were led
By thy wise guidance through eventful years,
And now the faithful and their Pontiff-head
Trust to thy care these days of many fears.

As thou didst fly from Herod's cruel hand
With the sweet charge entrusted unto thee,
So is the Church from many a Christian land
With Truth's divine deposit forced to flee.

And in her bitter trials she appeals
To thee, dear Saint, imploring thee for aid,
Till God His strength omnipotent reveals,
And all her ancient beauty is displayed.

SISTER MARY AGNES RUSSELL.

TO SAINT JOSEPH

On the Eve of Holy Communion

SAINT JOSEPH, by the sorrow and the love
So deep, so warm, which, when the infant cry
Of Jesus mingled first with choirs on high,
Thy tender sainted heart did thrill and move,
Seeing thy cherished One, thy Spotless Dove,
Heaven's lily fair, our earth-stained race among,
All homeless with her Babe desired so long.
If such dear memories reach thine ear above,
Beloved of God! plead for us at His throne,
That we, our souls by grace made whole and strong,
At morn may sing a glad triumphant song
When in His sacrament He seeks His own,
That we may meet and greet Him as we ought,
Our Love who giveth more than love e'er sought.

HELENA CALLANAN.

SAINT JOSEPH'S MONTH IN LENT

SAINT of the Childhood and the Hidden Life,
Why is it that thy month is always Lent?
What hast thou with the Passion? Mary went
To Calvary with Jesus; but the knife
Of that fierce sorrow was spared thee. Thy strife
In anxious care and fostering patience spent:
Now to a stable, now to Egypt sent,
And then long years with humblest labour rife.

But this thy portion of the coming Cross—
Which o'er thy path its forward shadow threw.
And is not ours like thine—to walk content
In that long shadow, counting all things loss
Save what for Jesus we endure or do?
To teach us *this*, thy month is always Lent.

FATHER EDMUND HILL, C.P.

A CHRISTOPHER

FROM dear Saint Mary's fane at morn I bore
Our hidden God, by Linton's leafy ways,
Unto Saint Joseph's; whence, through evening's haze,
Him home again I carried as before.
And, as we passed, the hawthorn o'er and o'er
Its blossom shed, and birds sang out His praise
Among the hedges, and in sweet amaze,
A nest of fledgelings trembled at their door.

And I was as some neighbour who, of old,
To Mary's dwelling chancing to come in,
At waking-time and sleep-time was so blest
As to her arms the Lamb Divine to win,
And bear Him in her own to Joseph's breast
And back into His Mother's sheltering fold.

REV. JOHN FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.

SAINT JOSEPH'S LILY

That is the symbol of his spousal sway
Saint Joseph bears—a flower, never dead,
In Christian art re-blooms, untarnishèd
As when he bore it on his bridal-day.
Lest words should sully what the soul would say,
God's proxy spake not to his wife new-wed,
But pulled a lily for the things it said,
Where God had set it on their homeward way.

Spouse of the Queen of Virgins! it is thine
To share her empire and through her to be
The God-appointed Prince of Purity;
Wield, then, thy power, let the white petals shine
Of thy viceregal sceptre over me,
In Mary's name and by her right divine.

Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILD

The earliest picture, so it seems to me,
That broke upon my vision sensibly,
And from its cherished toys my heart beguiled,
Was this one, of an old man and a Child.
I love it still, and whensoe'er I see
That Saint, in pictured form or statuary,
The old sweet thoughts which I have not outgrown,
Uprise within me as in years long flown.
Once more I question of the unseen page
Between Saint Joseph's youth and reverend age,
And still it seems the angelic ones unfold
The secrets of the years ere he grew old,
When in his hand I see the flower divine—
And round the Baby's head a halo shine.

But ah ! it makes me almost weep to-day,
To think how in my childhood I would pray
That when my locks should be as snow-flakes white,
And my long, chequered life before God's sight,—
That, haply, finding it all pure and clean,
For my worn hand He might a lily glean.
Sin-tainted now ! and far from Heav'n's estate ;
Resembling less, yet more I venerate
That pure just man, to whom the task was given
To guard on earth the very God of Heaven.

JOSEPHINE LORETZ.

THE KING'S ALMONER

IT is written, "Go to Joseph,"
For the King hath placed him o'er
All His granaries abounding
With their bright and golden store

When o'er regions fair and fertile
Famine stalks, a spectre dread—
In thy terror, go to Joseph !—
He will give thy children bread.

Little ones to-day are hungry,
And a voice cries out anew :
"Go to Joseph, he will help thee—
He hath felt thy sorrows too."

Yes, he too was poor and lowly,
He on earth his burden bore,
Son of toil and care and hardship
Now he labours nevermore.

Now hath Heaven for him her glory,
  Now hath God for him His crown;
For God raiseth up the lowly,
  And the proud He casteth down.

"Go to Joseph," he is mighty,
  Yet our needs he stoops to meet.
He will hear thee, he will help thee—
  Bring thy sorrows to his feet.

Fear not that thy tale will weary,
  Though it be of earthly woe,
Earthly care or earthly sorrow;
  For all these doth Joseph know.

Say not that thou hast no off'ring,
  That thou hast no gift to bring;
For he needs nought from thy bounty—
  He is almoner to the King.

MARGARET KINSELLA.

DEAR JOSEPH, PRAY FOR ME

Lo! with descending pinion
  Meek Gabriel bends, elate,
To her, the Virgin chosen
  To open Heaven's gate:
And so God's love hath called thee
  Her shield on earth to be.
O faithful Spouse of Mary,
  Dear Joseph, pray for me!

And when the Lord of Heaven,
  Through love so dispossessed,
Lay, a poor Babe of sorrow
  On His Maid-Mother's breast,

How sweet for Him thy toiling,
How blest thine agony!
O Jesu's foster-father,
Dear Joseph, pray for me!

Girt with the quiring Seraphs,
Amid our victor bands,
Close by the Heart of Jesus
His Mother Mary stands—
And still that Heart obedient
Smiles on thy every plea;
O father of the faithful,
Dear Joseph, pray for me!

G. N. Count Plunkett.

THE PATRON OF LABOUR

Near our Blessed Lady's altar,
With his grave and modest air,
Stands Saint Joseph, with his lilies
And his joiner's plane and square.
Every day my heart draws nearer
To that meek, retiring Saint
Whom the lowly call their brother,
Whom the artist loves to paint.
Thoughtful reverence, adoration
Of the Word Incarnate filled
Joseph's soul with peaceful grandeur,
All his mortal pulses stilled.
Nazareth's workshop, Bethlehem's stable,
Sandy waste, the palm-tree's shade—
All were chapels where Saint Joseph
Acts of lowliest worship paid
To that Child whose infant weakness
Could such boundless service claim,
All the drudgery of labour
Lost in love's consuming flame.

Jesus at his side was sleeping ;
  Jesus from His humble dish,
After daily work, dividing,
  Shared his milk, his bread, his fish.
Toil and worship—not succeeding
  Each to each, but both as one—
Held his soul in gentle bondage,
  Made the lagging moments run.
Bethlehem's Saint, dear Spouse of Mary!
  Still our hope we meekly stay
On Saint Joseph's mild protection
  'Mid the dangers of to-day.
Now the universal patron
  Of the Church declared to be,
Still he keeps the tender perfume
  Of his first humility.
Still he bears the mystic lilies,
  Still the joiner's plane and square—
Labour with Thee, for Thee, Jesus !
  Still the just man's life of prayer.

FROM "THE CATHOLIC WORLD," NEW YORK.

GOD'S CHOICE

WHEN the hour of God appointed
  From the dawn of time drew near,
Wherein He, the Uncreated,
  To His sinners should appear,
Came He not in kingly splendour,
  With a palace for His home,
But from highest heaven descending,
  Poor and lowly did He come.

For His Mother He chose Mary,
  Stainless maid of stainless birth,
And for foster-father Joseph,
  From the toilers of the earth.

Happy-hearted, brave Saint Joseph
Bent his back and bowed his head,
That the Lord of universes
Might receive His daily bread.

Saints have preached and martyrs suffered
Countless times on many soils
For God's glory, but Saint Joseph
Speaks not, bleeds not—only toils.
Ah, what beautiful deep meanings
In God's various actions lurk!—
Choosing Joseph for His guardian,
Jesus consecrated work.

JOSEPH MACNAMARA.

HUSBAND OF HER OF WHOM WAS BORN JESUS

BLEST was thine office, bearer of the seal
Of the Celestial Bridegroom! Close-allied
To thee; from all save thee thy Maiden-Bride
Her first divine Espousals could conceal.
The Father's mirror fashioned to reveal
His own grand virginal Paternity,—
Around thy shrine, this Lenten March, we kneel,
And Christ's dear Foster-father hail in thee!

Guardian of Bethlehem and Nazareth!
Guide, through the desert, out of Egypt's land!
In faith and love we clasp thy guardian hand,
And choose thee for our guide in life and death.
Oh! pray, sweet Saint, that, franchised and forgiven,
We all may share, one day, thy changeless bliss in heaven!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AN APPEAL TO OUR GUARDIAN

Bright hidden pearl, more loved and known
Than all save Mary round God's throne,
The days have dim and distant grown
  Since first we knew Saint Joseph ;
Love in our souls was warm and young,
Praise on our lips like incense hung
As with our childish hearts we sung,
  "All hail to thee, Saint Joseph!"

But now that sin has dimmed the ray
Of happy childhood's smiling day,
Still may we our poor tribute pay
  Of love to thee, Saint Joseph.
Still be thy kind protection near,
Still to our pleading lend an ear,
Keep us in paths of holy fear
  Where thou hast walked, Saint Joseph.

Guardian of Jesus, sheltering tree,
Glad toiler for the blessed Three,
Our Mother's Spouse, ah, have not we
  Dear claims on thee, Saint Joseph?
Around that tender memory clings
The perfume of such heavenly things ;
Thy name is like the whisperings
  Of sweetest peace, Saint Joseph.

Our Lord hath favoured thee with power
To guard on earth His richest dower.
Be our strong shield in danger's hour,
  And guard us, blest Saint Joseph!
Be unto us a father mild,
Help us to love the Holy Child,
Companion of the Undefiled!
  Pray for us, pure Saint Joseph.

Through trackless wastes of desert sand
Thy weary feet sought Egypt's land—
Teach us to hear God's least command
And bless His will, Saint Joseph.
Journeying far in winter wild,
From peaceful Nazareth exiled,
Shielding the Mother and the Child
From sinful men, Saint Joseph.

Oh! by the sorrow thou didst feel,
Beholding griefs thou couldst not heal,
Help us, when we to thee appeal,
To bear our cross, Saint Joseph!
Patient, resigned to kiss the rod,
Treading the way our fathers trod,
The way that leads to home and God,
And Mary, and Saint Joseph.

HELENA CALLANAN.

"SAINT JOSEPH'S STAFF"[1]

A LEGEND OF OUR LADY'S ESPOUSALS

It grows in a village garden,
A village by the sea,
Its graceful bell-shaped lilies
Of snow-white purity

Crowning with clinging clusters
The long, green, leafless stem—
My heart goes back thro' the ages,
As I, dreaming, gaze on them.

Goes back to the golden porches
Of Judah's Temple grey,
Where our Lady's suitors gathered
On her blest Espousal-day.

[1] Known to botanists as the Yucca plant.

What time the youths are thronging
The courts (as for a feast),
A wand to each is given
By the silver-hair'd High-priest,

Who silent prays Jehovah :
"Make clear this mystery !
O flower of God ! illumine *his* rod
Who Mary's spouse shall be ! "

And lo ! in the hands of Joseph
(The eldest suitor there)
The staff begins to burgeon,
To blossom at the prayer ;

Till graceful, bell-shaped lilies
(Strange to Jerusalem)
Crown with their clinging clusters
The long, green, leafless stem !

Kneeling, the youths salute it—
The token sent of God—
As Israel's princes yielded
Homage to Aaron's rod.

And Mary, veiled and trembling,
Hears through the silent house :
"Hail, flow'ring staff of Joseph !
All hail, the Virgin's Spouse ! "

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ESPOUSALS OF OUR LADY[1]

Who shall sing Our Lady's praise?
Who shall tell her endless glory?
Surely childhood's sinless days,
Or the head grown hoary
Like to Simeon's, serving still
In the Master's Temple till
God shall all his yearning fill!—
Let *me*—tell a story!

Once in Juda's poverished land,—
Land of old all fair and sunny,
When the Sceptre of Command
Saw but milk and honey—
Dwelt a princess wondrous fair,
Yet whose heart could only care
For a wealth of virtue rare,
Not rich patrimony!

Poor she was in gifts of earth;
Gold nor jewels ever telling
That the worth of royal birth
In her heart was swelling!
But her virtues like a star
Whose calm beauty nought could mar,
Shone o'er Israel afar
From her Temple-dwelling.

[1] This poem departs from the beautiful legend told in the Proto-Gospel of Saint James, and mentioned by Saint Jerome, Saint Epiphanias, Saint Gregory of Nyssa, and other ancient authorities, according to which legend the candidates for Mary's hand, after having invoked Him who decides lots, left each his almond-tree rod in the Temple in the evening, and next day the dry and withered branch of Joseph, son of Jacob, son of Mathan, was found green and blossomed like that which had of old secured the priesthood of the Aaronites. The Agabus of the present version of the story is said to have become a Christian. There are reasons for conjecturing that Saint Joseph was about fifty years of age at the time of the Espousals.

So from all the city wide,
With the richest presents laden,
Suitors came to seek a bride
In that lowly maiden!
Came with pride of state and birth,
Came with all that mother Earth
Hath of beauty or of worth
Hearts of men to gladden!

See them in the Temple throng:
Wealth shall proffer all its treasure,
Pride shall plead in accents strong,
Love shall fill the measure.
Stands the maiden modestly
While each suitor makes his plea:
Then the High-priest—"Which shall be
Choice of thy free pleasure?"

Which of them should be her choice?
Now at last the hush is broken—
But her tender girlish voice
Asks for surer token!
"Solve the riddle—what, think ye,
Should my fairest glory be?
He is dearest spouse to me
That shall best have spoken!"

Quoth the first with pensive pause:
"'Tis thy silken veil concealing
Beauties rarer still because
Shy of their revealing!"
Silence greets his flattering plea;
Then the maiden modestly—
"Other must the token be
To my heart appealing!"

Heli speaketh (Nadab's son,
  Richest treasure he possesses):
"Silks and satins she shall don
  Whom my heart caresses:
Gold and silver she shall wear,
Emeralds and rubies rare,
Yea, what treasures yet more fair
  Earth or sea confesses!"

Blessed be the God above!
  Wealth or station cannot claim it:
Loftier than earthly love
  Worthily shall name it.
Purer yet must be the eye,
Holier heart must make reply:
Answer to her query high,
  Who shall learn to frame it?

One there was whose heart from youth
  Sought for aye as highest merit
Treasurings which simple Truth
  Can alone inherit.
So his clearer vision saw
In their speech a lurking flaw—
For he read the lettered Law
  But to learn its spirit!

Then said Agabus—"To me,
  Fairest ornament of woman
Is her gentle modesty
  More divine than human!"
Lesser good he cannot say
Who would best the Law obey,
Nor leave weightier things to pay
  Tithes of mint and cummin!

See the crowd with bated breath—
"Sooth," they whisper, "he divineth
Well the riddle; now what saith
Mary?" Lo! she signeth
That the answer is not known:
Then must Heaven the secret own,
That high Heaven which alone
Purest gold refineth!

Now at last the impatient crowd
Sees her mock at their endeavour:
"Israel's shame," they murmur loud,
"Be to her who never
Hopes for blessèd seed to be
Israel's golden prophecy,
David's son o'er Juda free
Reigning high for ever!"

But she answered not a word
Save the whisper—"He abideth,
Who my dearest wish hath heard;
Yea, the Lord provideth!"
Suddenly, from out the throng,—
"Sooth, ye do the maiden wrong;
Wealth nor lands to me belong,
But the Lord decideth!"

Spoke a man whose royal mould
Mocked his humble outer seeming:
Silver hiding 'midst the gold
O'er his forehead streaming
Showed what strength and majesty
Can with added years agree:
Strength with wisdom—this should be
Worth our best esteeming!

Joseph then, the carpenter,
Who in prayer with God hath striven,
Reads the riddle unto her
Which the maid hath given!
"Lo, I speak a mystery,
For the dearest thing to thee
Is thy blest Virginity,
Chosen child of Heaven!"

Blessed be the God above!
Wealth or station hath not named it;
Higher than an earthly love
Now alone hath claimed it.
Gloried shame of Israel,
Blest the bosom where it fell;
Blessèd word that broke the spell,
Blessèd lips that framed it!

If we give with patient heart
Unto God our poor endeavour,
Though earth's shame should be our part,
God can fail us never.
Lo! within the Virgin's breast
Shall the great Messiah rest
In whom all the earth is blest
For ever and for ever.

REV. HUGH T. HENRY.

SAINT JOSEPH'S LILIES

FROM out the heart of Mother Church,
That ever-fruitful ground,
Spring forth the flowers of praise and love
As each dear feast comes round.

When, in their flight, chill wintry days
The sweet " Espousals " bring,
A rod once barren we behold
With strange life blossoming.

Laden with petals wondrous fair,
And stamens of bright gold,
How marvellous the destiny
Its fragrant bloom foretold!

Within the holy Temple dwelt
A Maiden fair to see;
" Pure as the breath of God " : conceived
Immaculate was she.

Many a noble suitor came
To claim the Maiden's hand,
And at the virgin feet laid down
The treasures of the land.

One amid the princely throng
Brought no rare gift to her,
Save the treasure of a virgin heart,—
Joseph the carpenter.

Thus spake the guardians of the Maid:
" Who is the choice of God?
Behold, He speaks in miracles—
Bring each a barren rod:

He whose bare branch shall bring forth flowers,
The Virgin's Spouse shall be."
And lo! 'twas holy Joseph's bloomed:
Chosen of God was he!

Hail, fragrant bloom! hail, virgin heart!
Hail, miracle sublime!
Each year when this dear Feast comes round,
E'en to the end of time,

This sweet tradition lips shall tell,
Blessing the power of God,
Who brought these lilies wondrous fair
Forth from a barren rod.

MARGARET F. JORDAN.

BROTHER JOSEPH'S LEGEND

A BAND of novices one afternoon
Within the shadow of their garden wall,
In friendly strife were trying to decide
What Saint in heaven was honoured most of all.

"I know," said Brother Peter, "it is he
To whom the keys of heaven and hell were given,
Whom Christ appointed Vicar of His Church,—
He surely must be greatest up in heaven!"

"Not so, dear Brother," said the novice John:
"But he to whom Christ gave His Mother dear
Beneath the Cross, and with His dying breath—
He is the best beloved in heaven, never fear!"

But Brother Joseph shook his head, and said:
"You both are wrong. Now listen while I tell
A simple story, that may shed a light
Upon the subject that you argue. Well,

You know Saint Joseph loves to meditate;
And one day as he wandered, rapt in prayer,
He passed without the heavenly gates, and strayed
Among the shadows of our world of care,

Nor knew, until earth's night came darkly down,
That he had strayed so far. Then at the gate
Of heaven he knocked. Saint Peter came and said:
'Who is it that knocks this hour so dark and late?'

And then Saint Joseph answered, 'I, my friend,—
Joseph the carpenter; and my home is
Within.' But Peter sturdily replied:
'I cannot let you in so late as this.'

'So be it, good Saint Peter, as you will,'
Saint Joseph answered pleasantly and smiled,
'If I may not go in, I bid you bring
Without delay to me my Wife and Child!'

At this the pearly gates fly back, and all
The heavenly courts with alleluias ring,
But Peter, kneeling, kissed Saint Joseph's hand.
'Forgive me, Foster-father of my King!'"

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

SAINT JOSEPH'S ESPOUSALS

WIFE did she live, yet Virgin did she die;
Untouched of man, yet Mother of a Son;
To save herself and Child from fatal lie,
To end the web whereof the thread was spun,
In marriage knots to Joseph she was tied —
Unwonted works and wonted veils to hide.

God lent His Paradise to Joseph's care,
Wherein he was to plant the Tree of Life;
His Son, of Joseph's Child the title bare,
Just cause to make the Mother Joseph's Wife.
O blessèd man, betrothed to such a Spouse,
More blessed to live with such a Child in house.

No carnal love this sacred league procured,
All vain delights were far from their assent;
Though both in wedlock-bands themselves assured,
Yet strait by vow they sealed their chaste intent:
Thus had she virgins', wives', and widows' crown,
And by chaste child-birth doubled her renown.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J. (1560–1595).

A LEGEND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND SAINT JOSEPH

THE day of Joseph's marriage unto Mary,
In thoughtful mood he said unto his wife:
"Behold I go into a far-off country
To labour for thee and to make thy life
And home all sweet and peaceful." And the Virgin,
Unquestioning, beheld her Spouse depart;
Then lived she many days of musing gladness,
Not knowing that God's hand was round her heart.

And dreaming thus one day within her chamber,
She wept with speechless bliss, when lo! the face
Of white-winged angel Gabriel rose before her,
And, bowing, spoke, "Hail, Mary, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee, and among all women
For ever blessèd is thy chosen name."
The angel vanished, and the Lord's high presence
With untold glory to the Virgin came.

A season passed of joy unknown to mortals,
When Joseph came with what his toil had won,
And broke the brooding ecstasy of Mary,
Whose soul was ever with her promised Son.
But nature's jealous fears encircled Joseph,
And round his heart in darkening doubts held sway:
He looked upon his Spouse cold-eyed, and pondered
How he could put her from his sight away.

And once, when moody thus within his garden,
The gentle girl besought for some ripe fruit
That hung beyond her reach, the old man answered,
With face averted, harshly to her suit:
"I will not save thee, woman! Thou hast wronged me;
I heed no more thy words and actions mild;
If fruit thou wantest, thou canst henceforth ask it
From him, the father of thy unborn child."

But ere the words had root within her hearing,
The Virgin's face was glorified anew;
And Joseph, turning, sank within her presence,
And knew indeed his wondrous dreams were true.
For there, before the sandaled feet of Mary,
The kingly tree had bowed its top, and she
Had pulled and eaten from its prostrate branches,
As if unconscious of the mystery.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

THERE's a legend that's told of a gypsy, who dwelt
In the lands where the pyramids be;
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt
With devices right wondrous to see.
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a Child
On His Mother's immaculate breast;
When He fled from His foes; when, to Egypt exiled,
He went down with Saint Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze,
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx
On her threshold kept vigil always;

She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd ;
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,
With a maid on a mule, by that road ;
And a child on her bosom reclined, and the way
Led them straight to the gypsy's abode.
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path
From their home many, many a league ;
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gypsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile ;
And she offered her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come many, many a mile ;
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begged the old man would repose ;
"Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led
To a seat in her grotto so cool,
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits,—and a shed,
With a manger, was found for the mule ;
With the wine of the palm tree, with dates newly culled,
All the toil of the road she beguiled ;
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gypsy anon, in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh, 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned
Of the Babe in his slumbers so calm !

Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"Whence came ye?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"For this child is of lineage divine."

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant whose garment is dyed
In the gore of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," cried the gypsy in joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite Boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the Infant, and knelt
And adored Him at once; then a smile
Lit the face of His Mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY ("FATHER PROUT").

SAINT JOSEPH'S THRONE

IN the heights of highest glory
Where the Angels love to dwell,
Rests Saint Joseph on the bosom
Of the God he loves so well;
In those arms whose baby fingers
Clung to him with love on earth,
Rests he now, ah! men know little
What that loving clasp is worth.

Think how great must be his power
On that Throne of endless love,
He can gain us every blessing
For he is all Saints above ;
Come to him then at this season—
'Tis the month he calls his own :
Fervent graces he will give you,
Greater than the world has known.

Model of all Christian fathers,
Chosen Spouse of Mary mild,
With what loving care he guarded
That most precious Wife and Child !
And when this sweet task was over,
Peacefully he sank to rest,
With his hands in those of Mary
And his head on Jesus' breast.

Like the glory of the Angels
Is that pure and sinless soul,
Like the beauty of the morning
When night's curtains backward roll ;
As the stainless lily-flower,
Shining in its radiance bright
Beams Saint Joseph in his splendour,
For the land of endless light.

He will whisper unto Jesus
Every wish our hearts desire,
Each one, e'en the merest trifle—
He will never, never tire.
And when our last hour approaches,
Oh, how happy shall we be,
In Saint Joseph's arms to nestle
Safe for all eternity !

MARY MACNAMARA.

A SONNET FOR MARCH

STRENGTH of the Church, by thy paternal care,
Master and pupil of the living Word,
Chaste guardian of the Mother of the Lord,
Be thou before thy Son our potent prayer.
Remembering Him, shield us from every snare
That threatens children's feet; as once His ward,
Be ours, and to our lisping lips afford
A pattern of sweet speech. As thou didst fare
Into an alien land, with patient feet
Leading the Holy Virgin and her Son
Beyond the reach of murderous alarms,
Lead us from mortal ill. For us entreat,
Who didst desist from toil, the cause well run,
Supported by the everlasting arms.

REV. JOHN GRAY, S.J.

JESUS TO HIS FOSTER-FATHER

WHO took Me first into his arms,
To save my Mother from alarms,
And fill his breast with heavenly charms?
Saint Joseph.

Who bore Me in the hurried flight,
To shun the wicked Herod's sight,
Although in winter's dreary night?
Saint Joseph.

And when we crossed the desert sands,
Who reared Me in old Egypt's lands,
Still toiling on with willing hands?
Saint Joseph.

Who ne'er would let Me quit his sight,
Though working hard from morn till night,
And oft would nurse me with delight?
Saint Joseph.

And when each day's hard task was done,
Into whose fond arms would I run,
Or who would kiss and call Me son?
Saint Joseph.

Who merited a Virgin's name,
Though as a spouse he screened from blame
My Mother's pure and spotless fame?
Saint Joseph.

Who baffled every hellish snare,
Protecting Me and her with care,
Still rapt with us in heavenly prayer?
Saint Joseph.

O you who love the virgin state,
Thus following the Immaculate,
For love of Me shall on you wait
Saint Joseph.

Now sisters poor, but lily-fair,
They claim your pious, friendly care—
Ah! then for you shall kneel in prayer
Saint Joseph.

Then be you without cause of fear;
Though danger press, sure aid is near—
He prays for you whom I must hear,
Saint Joseph.

And when your final hour draws nigh,
And you must breathe life's parting sigh,
Who to console you will stand by?
Saint Joseph.

Who then will use each heavenly art
To cheer your faint and aching heart,
And gently say, "In peace depart"?
Saint Joseph.

Who will at last those fiends of hell
That fain would seize your soul, repel,
And guide it safe with Me to dwell?
Saint Joseph.
MAURICE DONNELLY.

A LAST PRAYER TO SAINT JOSEPH

SAINT JOSEPH, guardian of the just
And patron of the meek and pure!
Our souls in thee confide and trust
For aid and guidance sweet and sure.

O thou most honoured of our race
Who didst our Jesus nurse and tend,
Lead, lead us on in His sweet grace
Till life and all its sorrows end.

Pray for us that we may be pure
And meek and humble like to thee;
And be our hope and help secure
When our last ling'ring hour we see.

Bring Jesus and the Mother-Maid
To bless us to our latest breath;
And oh! be near to guide and aid
As we pass through the gates of death.
P. J. CORCORAN.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER TO SAINT JOSEPH

Well has the Christian artist pictured thee,
Saint Joseph, in thy two-fold dignity:
Thy right arm bears aloft the Infant God,
Thy left is resting on the wondrous rod
Which blossomed into lilies--type of One
Whose virgin womb gave birth to Virgin Son.
The Eternal Father gave to thee the care
Of His Divinest treasures. Thou didst share—
Nor count it sacrilege—the purest love
Of Her within whose heart the mystic Dove
Had built His nest; and in thy meek abode
Thou gav'st a father's welcome to thy God.
The solemn liturgy, the sacred page
Of mystic rites, by which from age to age
The Holy Ghost, the Lord of grace and prayer,
Directs His servants in their watchful care
Of Christ's own Body, were not writ for thee;
Yet, in thy plenitude of sanctity,
Thou didst possess the unerring tact of love
Which taught thee, sure as angel from above,
The homage and the care thou shouldst bestow
Upon a God whom Love had brought so low.

Great Saint! thine office was to minister
To God Incarnate; and the priest whose care
Still centres round His presence, looks to thee
For help to serve Him less unworthily.
And as, when first the Word appeared on earth,
Beneath thy shade He veiled His wondrous birth;
So, when He took His place at God's right hand,
Thou wert the leader of the patriarch-band
Who first beheld Him on the Eternal Throne,
Sharing the Father's glory as His own.
Oh then, by all the joys of Nazareth,
By all the merits of thy precious death

In Jesus' arms, and by thy glorious crown—
Upon thy priestly clients now look down,
And make our hearts o'erflow with loving awe
Whenever near His altar-steps we draw.

REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS. R.

COME TO JOSEPH

COME to Joseph! the Church to her children is calling—
The guardian of Jesus and Spouse of His Mother,
The strength of the weak, and support of the falling;
To the young a true Father, the old a kind Brother;
Our hope in distress, and our shield from all danger;
Come to Joseph, who watch'd o'er the Child in the manger.

Come to Joseph! are whispering at morn, noon, and even
Our dear guardian angels—to Joseph the lowly,
The poor and despised here on earth, but in heaven
After Mary most honoured, the faithful and holy;
He will guide you and vanquish your foes, ever wary;
Come to Joseph, who watched over Jesus and Mary.

Come to Joseph! ere sin the soul's beauty has blighted,
Young, courageous, and armed for the contest before you,
While Angels and Saints are beholding, delighted,
The arm that nursed Jesus in blessing stretched o'er you.
'Twas to him that our Lord and his Mother were given;
Come to Joseph, who ruled o'er the Ruler of heaven.

Come to Joseph! the model and help of the dying,
He will guard us at last when death's shadows are falling;
May we pass through them safe on our patron relying,
And on Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph still calling.
To his prayers the whole Church flies for refuge in danger.
Come to Joseph, who watched o'er the Child in the manger.

ANON.

SAINT JOSEPH[1]

A CLOISTERED garden was the place
Where Mary grew, God's perfect flower;
One, only one, discerned her grace,
And visited her bower.

God's choice was his; by love made strong
To guard the Mother of the King;
No heart, save hers, had e'er a song
So sweet as his to sing.

Yet, lives there on the sacred page
No record of a word from him:
God's Ark he guards, a silent sage,
Pure as the cherubim.

But sweeter than the sweetest word
Recorded of the wise and good,
His silence is as music heard
On high, and understood.

Blessèd are all who take their part
Amid the carol-singing throng;
Thrice blest the meditative heart
Whose silence is a song.

REV. ALFRED GURNEY, M.A.

[1] This poem and the following are by non-Catholic writers.

SAINT JOSEPH

THE glorious sun at morn
Draws round him a soft screen,
Clear haze, of light and moisture born;
So are the bright forms seen,

His royal cradle round,
Standing in meet array,
Clouds of all hues, not wholly drowned
In dazzling floods of day.

Thou temperest, Lord, the rays
Which in Thy manger burn,
Till Faith in that deep glory-blaze
Dim shapes of earth discern.

The spotless Mother, first
Of creatures: His mild eye,—
O favoured!—who her travail nursed,
And Thy dread infancy.

Him o'er Thee lowly bent,
Or meekly waiting nigh,
Or on some homely task intent,
Yet conscious Who is by,

Or on the journey wild,
With duteous staff in hand,
Guiding the Mother and the Child
Across the sea of sand,

Thy Church in memory views;
Nor can her babes aright
On Bethlehem or on Nazareth muse,
But he is still in sight.

O balm to lonely hearts,
Who, childless or bereft,
Yet round the cradle find their parts,
Their place and portion left

In bowers of home delight :—
Yet may they draw full near,
And in the treasure claim their right,
Their share of smile and tear,

Of thrilling joys and cares.—
"Father in God :"—who knows
How near it brings us, unawares,
To true parental throes?

Mightier perchance may prove
The lore the Font imparts
To strangers, than all yearning love
In heathen mothers' hearts.

Whom Jesus Father owned,[1]
Though childless to our eyes,
Doubt not, his soul was higher toned
To parents' sympathies

Than sires on earth may know :—
And when His octave came,
He o'er the Lord did first below
Speak the Most Holy Name.

Wherefore in chorus kind
Of household jubilee,
Name thou his name with willing mind,
Who spake Christ's Name o'er thee.

[1] St. Luke ii. 48, 49.

And when at holy tide,
  Along the Church-way borne
Thou seest how babes in triumph ride
  On arms by rude toil worn ;—

Or mark'st, how well agree,
  Both leading and both led,
Grey Poverty and childish Glee ;—
  Leave not His lore unread :

Then of Saint Joseph think,
  And of his dread Nurse-Child.
Let eyes, that day, from evil shrink,
  And hearts be undefiled.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

SWEET JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH [1]

My God, my life, my love, my light,
  My comfort and my treasure,
Let it be my thought both day and night
  In Thee to take my pleasure ;
Increase my love, my sighs, and groans,
  My careless lips to move it,
And let my thought be fixed alone,
  On Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

[1] This rude hymn with its lawless rhymes seems to have been a favourite in Ireland more than a hundred years ago. We print it from an old fly-sheet. In an edition of Dr. Reilly's *Catechism* (Monaghan : Printed and Sold by N. Greacen) it is considered sufficiently important to figure on the title-page : "To which is added the Hymn of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph." It will be noticed that the rhyme is chiefly *assonant*. In spite of its technical faults, it would be a pity to omit lines that pleased so many faithful hearts.

Blot out my crimes and me forgive,
O Lord, do not deny me,
And let my thoughts be fixed above,
On Jesus crucified.
In honour of Thy passion's sake,
This New Year's gift bestow me,
And us unto protection take,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Open my lips, O Lord, I beg,
And let my tongue still praise Thee,
O Lord, incline unto my aid,
And from my sins do raise me.
O glorious Virgin, pray for me,
Call me among the chosen,
And guard me on my dying day,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

O holy Cross of Jesus Christ,
My Lord and chief defender,
My guard and comfort, day and night,
Although I'm the offender.
O Lord, let me example take,
By what You've done and shown me,
To bear the cross all for Your sake,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

O Heavenly Father, King of kings,
May all the world adore Thee,
And to Thy Son and Holy Ghost
Be honour, praise, and glory.
Thy name be praised and highly raised
By all that believe and know Thee.
Let these three names be still my theme,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Thy name be praised and ever blessed,
Lord, King of eternal glory;
Peace and rest to them afford,
The souls in purgatory;
Release the captives, set them free,
O Lord, Thy mercy show them,
And let their joy for ever be
In Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

To God, the Father, glory be,
His mercy still I pray for,
And to the Son, who died for me,
And spilled His blood to save me;
And to the Holy Ghost. All Three,
Their grace and gifts bestow me.
May all our trust for ever be
On Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

O Virgin Mother, I humbly pray,
Although I have offended,
Thy blessing and thy Son's to have,
And all my faults amended;
To thee I call, whene'er I fall—
For those three names I've chosen,
Let them take rest within my breast,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

O Lord, direct what I shall do,
And guide me where I'm going,
And in Thy glorious wounds hide me,
That for my sins were flowing.
O my Redeemer, I humbly pray,
Let this be my devotion,
And guard me on my dying day,
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

IN HONOUR OF SAINT JOSEPH[1]

HAIL, Holy Joseph, whose pure mind
Render'd thee fit to be assigned
As Spouse of purest Virgin-Bride,
To Royal David both allied.
Hail, guardian of God's Son on earth,
Forewarned by Angels of His birth,
And other heavenly secrets known
But to thyself and Spouse alone.
How often did thy happy arms
Secure that sacred Babe from harms;
When with Him and thy Virgin-Wife,
Constrained to fly to save His life!
With what unspeakable delight
Didst thou enjoy the precious sight
Of thy Redeemer, whose bright eyes
Did far outshine the sun's uprise!
How many times didst thou embrace
The tender Giver of all grace;
And didst as often fix a kiss,
To fill the measure of thy bliss!
To whom did God such joys impart,
As to thine own and Spouse's heart?
Which did strange comfort entertain,
When Jesus, lost, was found again.
Most happy was thy house, to be
The paradise, in which the Tree
Of Life did prosper, when the ground,
Where that first grew, could not be found.
How sweetened were thy daily pains,
While Jesus lived upon thy gains;
Whereby the food that He did eat
Became all sanctifièd meat.

[1] These lines are found in a book published a hundred years ago in Dublin, and are probably much older.

With thee He frequently did walk,
Calling thee father in His talk,
And by His charming sweet discourse,
Did sorrows from thy heart divorce.
No instruments, however strung,
E'er sounded like our Saviour's tongue ;
Which thou heardst hourly ! happy then
Wert thou above the rest of men.
And when, in age, resistless death
Gave summons to thy latest breath,
Could thou more happiness devise
Than to have Jesus close thine eyes ?
Great is thy glory sure above,
Whom Jesus did so greatly love,
As on thy person to bestow
Such privileges here below.
Then let us all with one consent
Beseech Saint Joseph to present
Our wants to God, and for us pray,
That serve our Lord we ever may.

ANON.

HYMN IN HONOUR OF SAINT JOSEPH

WHOEVER blessed with health would spend
Life's transient day, and calmly end
That day without a fear ;
To Joseph let them turn their eyes,
To Joseph let their prayers arise,
And he their prayers will hear.

Spouse of the Virgin-Maid was he,
And once, in Judah, deem'd to be
The parent of her Child ;
What may not he obtain of God,
Who Heaven's own pathway faithful trod—
Whose life was undefiled ?

The new-born Babe in Bethlehem's shed
He worshipped—thence to Egypt fled,
To cheer the exiled Boy ;
And later, with a parent's pain,
Sought Him, when lost, and found again,
With all a parent's joy.

His daily toil, with fostering aid,
Supplied the wants of Him who made
Earth's orb with plastic hand ;
And He, who ere the Day-star shone
Was hail'd God's own Eternal Son,
Obey'd his least command.

At length, when life's last hour drew nigh,
Mary and Jesus both stood by,
To smooth his bed of death ;
And in their arms, without a tear,
Without one agonizing fear,
He breath'd his parting breath.

Rev. Michael A. Kavanagh, S.J.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT JOSEPH

If e'er I sang the note of praise,
If gratitude e'er threw
Upon this soul its noble rays,
To-day they'll shine anew.

For thine, O Joseph ! is the name
That through the Church now rings,
And its loved sound calls forth the theme
Thy humble client sings.

The theme though great, I would aspire
To paint that flame of love,
Which made thy soul one hallow'd fire
For Him who reigns above ;

The God of heaven, of earth, and sea,
The great, the mighty One:
For Him who chose, great Saint, to be
Reputed as thy son.

Yes, I would love to paint that brow,
Of justice rare the throne,
Whose radiant hues, like heaven's bow,
With brightest virtue shone;

And o'er and o'er to tell each scene
That formed thy course below,
So favoured, it would even seem,
No more could Heaven bestow.

Then by some feeble line to say
How great thou art on high,
Invite each soul to Joseph pray
And his protection try.

For oh! 'tis felt by all who dwell
Beneath his sacred shade;
And none but seraph's pen can tell
How great is Joseph's aid.

ANON.

JOSEPH [1]

O PUREST symbol of the Eternal Son!
Who dwelt in thee, as in some sacred shrine,
To draw hearts after thee, and make them shine;
Not parent only by that light was won,

[1] This sonnet refers to the Patriarch Joseph, who was, however, a type not only of the Redeemer, but of His Foster-father the second Joseph. I am glad even thus to include a dear and illustrious name among the Laureates of the Foster-father.

And brethren crouched who had in wrath begun,
But heathen pomp abased her at the sign
Of a hid God, and drank the sound divine
Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was done.

Then was fulfilled Nature's dim augury,
That "Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be
So fair, that all must love and bow the knee;"
Lest it might seem, what time the Substance came,
Truth lacked a sceptre, when It but laid by
Its beaming front, and bore a willing shame.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

SAINT JOSEPH'S SHEAF

"*The Crier proclaiming that all should bow their knee before him.*"—GEN. xli. 43.

I.

THE Patriarch's vision! 'Twas a dream
Of coming day. Sweet dawning gleam
Of sunrise new, divinely sent
To wake the dreamer to his heart's content!

II.

The other sheaves stood up around,
Then bent in homage to the ground
Before the sheaf of Rachel's child—
"The Saviour of the world" in Egypt styled.

III.

Clear shining type of dignity,
To which, in ages yet to be,
The King of kings Himself would raise,
A Father, men and Angels love to praise!

IV.

And not alone did Carmel's Saint
In glowing tints his virtues paint;
For virgin, martyr—all proclaim
The glory of that Foster-father's name.

V.

Dear Patron of the Church! To thee
That dream looked on in mystery,
And whispers still;—"To Joseph go!"
This page thy Crier to the world below.

St. Marie's, Cork.

SAINT JOSEPH'S WORK

When Mary on the dark earth trod,
With feet unsullied by its sod,
Who guarded her young life for God?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary heard her cousin's need,
And crossed the mountain-land with speed,
Who shared her generous thought and deed?
Saint Joseph.

When Bethlehem had no room to spare
For Jesus or for Mary there,
Who cherished, with a father's care?
Saint Joseph.

When Jesus on the Virgin's breast
Lay in His infant slumber pressed,
Who worked in joy, that they might rest?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary, from her home exiled,
Fled sadly with her royal Child,
Who guided through the trackless wild?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary's Infant older grew,
To take His share of labour too,
Who set the tasks He longed to do?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary sought her Son in vain,
With agonizing heart and brain,
Who felt and shared her wordless pain?
Saint Joseph.

When his own parting hour drew nigh,
Who laid him down in peace to die,
With Jesus and with Mary by?
Saint Joseph.

And who can love the Virgin blest,
The God who slumbered on her breast,
Nor dearly love who loved them best?
Saint Joseph.
ELLEN DOWNING.

THE INMATES OF SAINT JOSEPH'S ASYLUM, DUBLIN, TO THEIR PATRON SAINT

HOLY Saint Joseph! hear a maiden's prayer,
And take me to thy own paternal care,
For thou whom God selected on this earth
To watch the Infant-Jesus at His birth,
And guard the Virgin-Mother of the Child,—
The ever Blessed Mary undefiled! —
O thou to whom such wondrous charge was given,
Must surely now be powerful in heaven!

Be then, dear Father to my Jesus, be
A father and protector unto me.
Beseech of Jesus that I may obtain
What none through thee have ever sought in vain,—
The love of Jesus, with a heart sincere,
Free from the selfishness of hope or fear;
Thus, for God's glory, that I may adore
Jesus, my Saviour, now and evermore.
And thou, O Mary! ever "Blessed" styled,
The Virgin-Mother of the Saviour-Child,
With holy Joseph, take me to thy care,
For thus protected, God *will* hear my prayer!

WILLIAM NUGENT SKELLY.

A SISTER OF SAINT JOSEPH

A SISTER of Saint Joseph!—Sister sweet
Of him who claimed Christ's Mother for his Spouse;
Of him who served, with willing hands and feet,
A God Incarnate in his lowly house!

A Sister of Saint Joseph!—Sister pure
Of him who worshipped at the Crib Divine;
Who clasp'd the Babe within his arms secure,
And, full of love, obeyed His faintest sign!

A Sister of Saint Joseph!—Sister blest
Of him who bore the Christ to Egypt's land;
Who sought and found Him in the Temple.—Best
Belov'd of God, yet subject to command!

A Sister of Saint Joseph!—Sister dear
Of him who died on Jesus' holy breast,
In Mary's arms. Sister! when Death draws near,
May you with Joseph in those lov'd Ones rest.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE FOSTER-FATHER OF JESUS

JOSEPH, the Desired's election,
Gifts most high on thee were poured ;
By God's grace the chosen Husband
Of the Mother of our Lord.

Israel's Saviour-God is hidden ;
Thou in this art like to Him
Who doth ever count thee equal
To the highest seraphim.

Saints of God are ever hidden ;
None so hidden were as thou,
Though thy sheaf stands in the harvest,
Though to thee thy brethren bow.

Jesus loved thee as a father,
Yet by Him thou hadst been made ;
Jesus heard thy words with reverence,
Yet His word the dead obeyed.

He, all heaven and earth sustaining,
Served thee as a loving son,
Worked with thee in daily labour,
Rested when the work was done.

All the time His love was flowing
Like a river deep and wide ;
Countless graces, new and precious,
In thy soul He multiplied.

Spouse of God's own blessed Mother,
Married life hath never been
Like thy life with sinless Mary,
Called to be the Angels' Queen.

Eve and Adam loved in Eden,
Sinless in the grace divine;
Love of Eve was not like Mary's,
Nor was Adam's love like thine.

Showest thou the Church how Jesus,
Spouse and Brother, doth abide,
Joined in the eternal marriage
With his sinless Sister-bride.

Once in Juda Angels saw thee
Guarding Jesus at His birth;
Now they see thee in thy glory,
Guardian of His Church on earth.

Pray for all who love not Jesus,
Guide them graciously from sin;
Pray for all who love their Master,
Make them safe His Church within.

Help the married: keep them faithful
In the duties of their state.
Help the dying: turn them heavenward,
Lest the wakening come too late.

Glorious is thy throne, O Joseph,
On the golden heights of love,
Where the holiest Saints are gathered;
Heaven beneath and God above.

There, amid the stateliest lilies,
Mary and her Son Divine
Give thee love in boundless loving,
While their hearts rejoice in thine.

REV. HENRY A. RAWES, D.D.

SAINT JOSEPH

But once in yearly course the Holiest Place
Could God's anointed High-priest enter in
With blood of spotless victim shed for sin,
Atonement there to make for Adam's race.
God's presence did this sanctuary grace,
Enthroned betwixt the golden cherubin;
Whither in awe the High-priest came to win
Mercy and peace before God's veilèd face.

O Blessed Joseph! wondrous portion thine—
Thy earthly home became a heavenly shrine
Wherein the Godhead dwelt in mortal guise.
So flowed thy life in converse all divine,
Until in Mary's arms thou didst resign
Thy soul, while Jesus opened paradise.

Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

DEAR SAINT OF MARCH!

When, with reluctant feet, the Winter leads
Northward once more his ice-mailed followers,
And on the southern slopes, as he recedes,
Appear Spring's green-apparelled harbingers;
When measurably longer wax the days,
And higher mounts the sun the azure arch,
Returns the time thy children chant thy praise,
Dear Saint of March!

And as thy feast approaches, lo! the streams,
So long held captive in the ice-king's thrall,
Shake off their shackles, and, aroused from dreams,
The flowers arise responsive to their call;

The truant birds return to bush and tree,
A brighter green pervades the pine and larch,
And thine own lilies wake to welcome thee,
Dear Saint of March!

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

THE FIRST WORDS OF JESUS

How the Child Jesus learned to talk; and how He taught Saint Joseph to be silent

ONE evening the Holy Family
Were gathered in the Egyptian land,
At Cairo, a poor and fugitive band,
Yet richly blest in their poverty—
Jesus and Mary and Joseph—these three.
Then Joseph the Boy to speech beguiled:
"Say Mary; say Mary, dear Child."
The Infant's voice was launched in the air;
And the name was spoken so soft and clear,
Speech never sounded in mother's ear
So musical and fair.
"Say Father, now," then Joseph prayed:
And "Abba, Abba, Abba," he said.
The title sprang from that velvety tongue,
So sweet and full of cheer,
The choirs of paradise checked their song,
And leaned on their harps to hear.
The voice was distant; yet not a throat
In all their throng could sound a note,
To make the distant seem so near.

Then silence dropped on the Patriarch's soul;
It lasted long,
Like the silence that follows a sweet song,
Which has filled the spirit full,

And every sense beguiled.
The Boy-God looked up at His mother and smiled,
And whispered, "This silence will not end;
'Tis My gift to a beloved friend."

Now the life of Joseph has been recorded,
And justice full to his love awarded;
Yet not one word from his mouth is penned.
The sacred record shows thus always,
To reader, or hearer,
That silent duty is counted dearer
Than the loud tongue of praise.

REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

A SCENE IN JOSEPH'S WORK-SHED

JESUS and Joseph at work! With awe
We gaze on a sight ne'er seen again;
A 'prentice Deity plies the saw,
While the master ploughs with the plane.
Merrily rise the curling chips,
Quick brushed with the hand away;
From iron teeth to the floor fast drips
A dusty wooden spray.
Mysterious Heaven!
Is this the Prince of promise given
To take our sins away?

Work! work! work!
Through the long day till nearly dark,
Then Joseph said to the Infant, "Stop!
Fast fall the eyelids of the west;
'Tis time, dear Boy, to rest.
I bide here in the shop;
There is more work, I trow."
Said Jesus: "I have more than thou;

Thy work will soon be done,
And the reward is near.
The work of My life is scarce begun;
Yet My last wood to work upon
Stands always between Me and the sun,
And its shadow reaches here."

Two lengths of timber,—that is all.
One lay aslant; one stood upright.
They intercepted the western light
On its way to the wall.
When Jesus stretched His arms in the air,
As often the weary do,
A shadowy form was pictured there,
Like the forecasting of a woe,
Before a fated soul held up;
And the dark scene of deicide
Seemed there by spectre typified,
Or pre-enacted in the shop.
"Why dost thou start, dear father, thus?
Why dost thou gaze at the wall?
'Tis but a shadow after all."
"I see the shadow of a cross,
Such as slaves are hung upon.
But—what pierces my bosom through and through—
I see a shadowy victim too,
The shape is Thine own, my Son.
O Jesus, my innocent Boy!
Is this the employ
That waits for Thee?
Must Thou work out this destiny?"
"Say nought, dear father," the Boy replied;
"The eye hath seen, the tongue must hide,
And the heart forget if it may.
Behold the doom that shadows My path!
'Tis the shadow of God's love; 'tis wrath;
'Tis Mine, and I must bide My day."

REV. CLARENCE WALWORTH.

SAINT JOSEPH'S SORROWS AND JOYS

I.

JOSEPH thinks to part with Mary,
Doubt perplexes him and grieves him;
But an Angel's voice relieves him
And explains the mystery.
Dear Saint Joseph, I implore thee,
By the sorrows that oppressed thee,
By the many joys that blessed thee,
Dear Saint Joseph, pray for me.

II.

Seeing Christ in Bethlehem's manger,
Sorrow fills his heart so tender;
He's consoled by sudden splendour
And celestial melody.

III.

Joseph weeps, he has to witness
Jesus in the Temple bleeding:
But is cheered, the future reading
In old Simeon's prophecy.

IV.

Now they fly from ruthless Herod,
And our Saint is filled with sadness;
Angels soon bring light and gladness
To the Holy Family.

V.

Jesus lost! and vainly seeking,
His fond parents droop and languish;
But they soon forget their anguish,
In their Saviour's company.

VI.

Joseph mourns o'er man forgetful
Of his Saviour near and present;
Yet his home is sweet and pleasant.
Jesus shares his poverty.

VII.

Now the Patriarch is dying,
'Tis the hour for sad leave-taking;
Jesus comforts him, awaking
Thoughts of blest Eternity.
Dear Saint Joseph, I implore thee,
By the sorrows that oppressed thee,
By the many joys that blessed thee,
Dear Saint Joseph, pray for me.

REV. DR. CUMMINGS.

SAINT JOSEPH'S JOYS AND SORROWS

I.—*Nazareth*

THE midnight silence filled the little room,
The stars unconscious drifted 'cross the sky
O'er Nazareth slumbering in the quiet gloom,
Unthinking of the awful mystery nigh.
The morning rose. None but the Mother knew
That earth's long-looked-for Saviour had come down.
Saint Joseph's heart with anguish is pierced through.
From Mary must he part? His sorrow's crown
To joy is turned; the Angel's voice reveals
The mystery vast, and all his suffering heals.

II.—*Bethlehem*

Within the manger lies the Eternal Word!
And where earth's kings do not deserve to be,
The ox, and ass, the lowliest of the herd,
Gaze on their Maker shorn of majesty.
This poor estate doth make Saint Joseph weep—
How sad the plight of Mary and her Son!
When lo, from choirs celestial songs melodious sweep,
And tears to smiles give way. Thy second one
Of sorrows turned to joy, O faithful Guide!
By tears of thine may ours at last be dried.

III.—*Circumcision*

Submissive to the law's divine decree,
Unto the Temple's sacred portal comes
The Lord of all, yet most obedient. He—
From this fair Bud the Passion's red rose blooms,
For us He sheds His blood. His infant tears
Fall on Saint Joseph's heart, his pity claim:
A sweet joy fills his breast when low he hears
Soft from the lips of Mary that dear Name.
Oh may the joy this blessed Name brought thee
Be ours in life and through eternity.

IV.—*Jerusalem. Simeon's Prophecy*

The Babe His parents to the Temple bore,
Fulfilled the law and offered sacrifice.
Two turtle doves, the offering of the poor—
And greater gift, far, far beyond all price
They gave—their Lord, whom holy Simeon knew,
And took a precious Burden from His Mother's arms
"Thy soul a sword of sorrow shall pierce through;"
His greeting caused Saint Joseph new alarms.
But consolation followed when he heard
Salvation promised through the Eternal Word.

v.—*Flight and Sojourn in Egypt*

O'er land and sea they bear the little Child,
To save Him from the cruel Herod's wrath.
And Angels lead through untracked deserts wild,
While pagan idols fall along the path.
Oh, by thy sorrow in that exile drear,
And joy at seeing falsehood overcome,
Thy labours and thy care for Those so dear,
May our days pass like thine in that blest hour.
Victorious o'er earth's idols may we be,
And from all threatening dangers ever free.

vi.—*Return from Egypt and Hidden Life.*

Obedient to a word, the King of Heaven
Submits to Joseph, first of priestly train
That follow Him, to whom the power is given
To bring Him by one word to earth again.
All fear of Herod having been removed,
Judea's plains once more they gladly see.
O holy, faithful Guide, so well beloved!
As Jesus and His Mother trusted thee,
In thee we also trust, our hopes and fears
Committing to thy hands till heaven appears.

vii.—*The Child Jesus is Lost and Found Again*

Not through His Mother's fault, nor yet through thine,
Jesus is lost—thy search, dear Saint, is vain.
For three long days the sun seemed not to shine—
The Presence gone. Back to the holy fane
His parents turn with mingled fear and love:
Among the men grown grey with wisdom's crown
They find Him sitting, while grave words, that move
All hearts, like honey from His lips drop down.
Sweet Jesus, Mary, and Saint Joseph dear,
May we find You when ends our journey drear.

VIRGINIA MACSHERRY.

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF SAINT JOSEPH [1]

Mighty Joseph, son of David!
High and glorious is thy state—
Of our Lord the Foster-father,
Mary's Spouse immaculate.
The Almighty's faithful servant,
Of the Holy Family
Head and father. Oh! I pray thee,
Be a father unto me.

Sorely was thy bosom troubled
Till the mystery was revealed
Which the Lord had wrought in Mary,
Who in patience all concealed.
But an Angel soon from heaven
Bids thy loving doubts to cease;
So may every care and trial
Turn for me to joy and peace.

With the Virgin young and tender,
In the winter-time forlorn,
Thou to Bethlehem didst journey
That our Lord might there be born.
As thy God thou didst adore Him,
While He in the manger lay;
Now is He in heaven exalted—
Turn to Him for us and pray!

Flying at the Angel's warning,
Far from Herod's fury wild,
Long in Egypt didst thou tarry
With the Virgin and the Child.
By thy toil, thy pain, thy sadness,
In that exile dark and drear,
Help me in the cares and sorrows
Which may be my portion here.

[1] From the *Officium Parvum Sancti Joseph.*

Home from Egypt's land returning,
Thou would rest in Galilee,
And to Nazareth art bidden,
That the Child secure may be.
Souls retiring, sweet, and humble,
Thou dost still for Jesus seek :
That my heart may be His garden,
Make it humble, pure, and meek.

Thou didst search, with loving anguish,
For the little Jesus lost ;
But, in finding Him, what rapture
Purchased at that sorrow's cost !
Him, my light, my life, my Jesus,
May I never lose by sin !
May my heart be pure and simple,
So that He may rest therein !

Jesus, Mary, hung above thee
On that sad yet happy day
When, with their fond arms around thee,
Passed thy gentle soul away.
Oh ! when death shall come to take me,
All its terrors I'll defy,
If with Jesus and with Mary,
Thou, dear Joseph, wilt be nigh.

Thus, O glorious Saint, my homage
I thy grateful client pray.
Hear my prayer and smile upon me,
Guide and guard me on my way.
May I 'neath thy kind protection
Safely reach my journey's close,
And with thee, in heaven's bright palace,
Through eternity repose !

THE EDITOR

THE SEVEN DOLOURS AND JOYS OF SAINT JOSEPH

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
Thy heart with doubt was sore distressed,
But welcome came the Angel's word,
And changed thy trouble into rest!
When fears oppress on every side,
Dear Saint, our weary footsteps guide.

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
In poverty thou didst behold
The Infant-Jesus born on earth;
But Angels' songs brought joy untold!
As through this drear cold world we roam,
May Angel voices lead us home!

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
The tears of Jesus wrung thy heart,
But His sweet Name thy anguish soothed—
Jesus, sweet balm for every smart!
Oh! may our lips with loving faith
Breathe that sweet Name in life and death.

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
Thy heart was sad at Simeon's word,
But ransomed souls in vision rose,
Won by the pangs of Mary's Sword.
Oh, by that gladness and that pain,
Help us eternal life to gain!

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
All weary with the rugged way,
Sweet was thy toil, with Jesus near,
When Egypt's idols owned His sway.
Oh, let our hearts' loved idols fall—
And Jesus be our God—our All!

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint !
The tyrant's wrath aroused thy fear,
But Nazareth, thy humble home,
Was shelter safe, with Jesus near.
Oh, in this world so bleak and cold,
Still keep us safe in Christ's true Fold !

O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint !
How couldst thou bear that three days' pain
With Mary's tears, and Jesus gone ?
Oh, joy to find thy Lord again !
May we, our weary wanderings o'er,
Find Jesus on the eternal shore !

ANON.

THE PATRONAGE OF SAINT JOSEPH

DEAR Saint Joseph, we thy children
Greet thee on this festal day ;
And we humbly ask thy blessing
As we journey o'er life's way.

Dear Saint Joseph, foster-father
Of our Saviour, Holy Child,
Help us daily to grow like Him,
Pure and gentle, loving, mild.

Dear Saint Joseph, good and faithful
Guardian of our Lady fair,
Take our lives in thy protection,
Shield us ever with thy care.

Dear Saint Joseph, patron holy,
In our last and awful hour,
Pray the Sacred Heart to save us
From the tempter and his power.

Dear Saint Joseph, we thy children
Lift our trustful hearts to thee,
And we beg thy kind assistance,
That from henceforth we may be

True to Jesus' Heart, and ever
True to Mary, Mother dear;
True to thee, O great Saint Joseph,
Till we end our sojourn here;

Till with Jesus, and with Mary,
And with thee, our Patron blest,
In the bosom of the Father
We shall find eternal rest.

JENNIE RAWLINS.

CHILDREN'S HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH

DEAR Saint Joseph, Jesus called thee
Father when on earth He dwelt;
With His infant arms twined round thee
Thou His loving kiss hast felt.

So we, too, would Father call thee—
Show us, then, a father's care,
And beneath thy strong protection
Keep us safe from sinful snare.

Think how once the God-Child, Jesus,
On thy tender bosom lay,
And for His dear sake, Saint Joseph,
Take us to thy heart to-day.

Spouse of Mary! Foster-father
Of that Mother's Child Divine!
After hers no higher mission
E'er could be, dear Saint, than thine.

Dear Saint Joseph, loving Father
Hear thy little children's cry ;
Bless and aid us, guard and guide us,
Lead us to our Home on high.

MARY ALOYSIUS CONOLLY.

THE SAINT OF OUR DAY

I HAD been reading those wonderful legends
Told in the Lives of the Saints now in Heaven,
How, overcoming all worldly allurements,
Crowns everlasting to them had been given.

And as I sat in the hush of the twilight,
Thinking of all they had suffered and done,
Conscience, awakened, spoke words of stern import,
Showed me the years of my life, one by one.

Eagerly scanned I that book of remembrance,
Opened for me by my heaven-sent guide ;
Vain was the quest—'twas a record of folly,
Restless ambition, self-seeking, and pride.

Lost opportunities, graces unrecognised,
Faults of my childhood, and sins of my youth ;
E'en the poor virtues I clung to so fondly,
Hid their pale faces, and owned to the truth.

How shall I stand in the dread Day of Reckoning,
When even Saints fear the judgments of Heaven :
I, so unmortified, wayward, inconstant ;
Prone to offend, though so often forgiven !

Weeping, I knelt, while the shadows enwrapped me,
Holding communion with God and my soul,

Craving a friend in whose steps I might follow,
Sure that his guidance would lead to the goal.

Then on my spirit, o'erwhelmed with contrition,
Peace laid her hand till I bent to her sway,
And on my ear fell a musical whisper—
"Go to Saint Joseph, the Saint of our day!"

Hope spread her pinions and hovered around me,
Strong-hearted Courage chased Sadness away,
Light pierced the darkness, and lo! I beheld thee,
Blessed Saint Joseph, the Saint of our day!

Bent is thy form, and thy hands are toil-hardened,
Stained are thy robes with the dust of the way;
Guardian of Jesus and Spouse of Our Lady,
Hail, blessed Joseph, dear Saint of our day!

Guide me, sweet Saint, on my perilous journey;
Gently recall me when blindly I stray;
Patient endurance and faithful endeavour
Teach me, Saint Joseph, great Saint of our day!

And when the billows of Jordan are raging,
When the dark spirits are seeking their prey,
Come to my succour, O friend of the dying!
Blessed Saint Joseph, the Saint of our day!

ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

DEAR HOLY FAMILY

To Jesus, Mary, Joseph, glorious Three,—
Jesus, sweet Saviour, Mary ever blest,
Joseph, dear guardian through this vale of tears—
I give my heart and soul in you to rest,
Dear Holy Family.

What souls so tried or tempted may not find
In Jesus, Mary, Joseph, aid they seek;
Each grace and blessing sought with hope and trust,
By sorrowing hearts, the humble and the meek,
Dear Holy Family.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph! when I see
The shadow of Death's advent hovering near,
Then, while I give you my poor heart and soul,
Help me to shed the penitential tear,
Dear Holy Family.

O glorious Three! if I in peace with you
Should breathe forth my last sigh, be with me still,
While Angels wait to bear my soul away
Whither it may be God's most Holy Will,
Dear Holy Family.

ELIZABETH KING.

WELCOME, MARCH!

DEAR Foster-father of Our Lady's Son,
Whose blessèd privilege it was to see
The Christ-Child smile upon thy toil and thee,
And know that for His sake thy work was done:
Spouse of the Virgin, and the chosen one
From all of Israel's race with her to be
The guardian of His holy infancy;
Now that the winter's dreary course is run,
The sweet approaches of returning spring—
The first green tints that tinge the grassy lea,
The birds, North-flying to new homes, that sing
Their joyous greetings from each leafing tree,—
Are welcome visitors, because they bring
The month whose days are dedicate to thee.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

SAINT JOSEPH

No shrine with a wealth of roses,
Nor altar with lights aglow,
But a lily, pure and fragrant,
Bearing three blooms of snow,

Enshrining a dear old picture
In which Saint Joseph stands
A lily among the lilies,
Their homage sweet commands.

He beareth a Royal sceptre,
Dear Saint of a kingly line,
A sceptre with blossoms many
Of a fragrance and fame divine.

And sweet on his arm reposing
The Son of Mary the Blessed,
His eyes are resting on Joseph,
His Heart on the dear Saint's breast.

An arm on the Saint's brave shoulder
And pressed 'neath the flowing hair,
Oh, never was love more lovely,
Oh, never was Saint so fair!

Sweet Patron and dear Protector,
Keep our hearts near the kingly throne,
Where the Christ-Child reigns in His beauty
With a splendour and grace His own.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

TO SAINT JOSEPH

FATHER of the world's Redeemer,
Nurse of the Eternal Son,
Guardian of our God and Saviour,
Hail to thee, thrice happy one!

Hail to thee, sweet Spouse of Mary,
Hail to thee, angelic Saint,
Thou, whose roof did shelter Jesus!
Who thy seraph love can paint?

Sweet the Crib where Jesus rested,
Dear the bands that swathed the Child,
Sweet the days, oh, sweetest moments!
When He looked on thee, and smiled.

In thy arms He rested fondly,
Giving thee thy dear delight,
He whom all the world contains not!
Jesus, Lord of power and might!

To thee, purer than the lily,
Countless children have been given;
He, who once to thee was subject,
Spreads thy sway o'er earth and heaven.

Ah, how gladly dost thou succour
Those for whom thy Son did bleed!
Ah, how blest are those who feel thee
Near them in their hour of need!

By Thy mother's love, dear Jesus,
From Thy birth to latest sigh;
By Saint Joseph's care and labour,
Hear our earnest heartfelt cry.

Let us see Thee in Thy glory,
Let us share their bliss above ;
With them sing Thy praises ever,
With them feast upon Thy love.

ANON.

THE DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH

AT home, in Nazareth of Galilee,
In a dim dawn, the just man, Joseph, lay,
Waiting the moment when, as night with day,
Life keeps its tryst with immortality.
By his grey couch, in wifely ministry,
'Neath Jesus' eyes, meek Mary moved alway,
Nor to the Lord of life prevailed to pray
For the reversal of His dread decree.

To Joseph's pain 'twas He who gave surcease ;
He stilled the tremors of his mortal strife
With whispers of an everlasting peace ;
And, bending o'er him in a parting kiss,
As once o'er Adam in creative bliss,
He breathed into his face the breath of life.

J. F.

FOSTER-FATHER OF OUR LORD

SAINT JOSEPH, when, your heart with rapture thrilling,
You heard from Jesus' lips in accents sweet
The name of "Father," with sweet music filling
The happy air, how fast your pulses beat !

How oft that Sacred Heart, with love o'erflowing,
Beat close to yours, when, held in fond embrace
Within your shelt'ring arms, He pressed His glowing,
Fair infant cheek in love against your face !

Saint Joseph, when those tender hands so willing
Strove with fond zeal your daily task to aid,
With gentle words your loving protests stilling,
How light His presence all your labour made!

Saint Joseph blest, beneath your roof so lowly
Jesus advanced in wisdom, age, and grace;
Subject in all to you and Mary holy,—
The grand Exemplar of our fallen race.

Dearest of Saints, your Foster-Child doth teach us
To call you "Father" and to love you well;
And richest blessings through your favour reach us,
Our patron true whilst here on earth we dwell!

M. Elizabeth Stace.

DEAREST SAINT, THOUGH ALL UNWORTHY

Dearest Saint, though all unworthy
E'en to breathe your glorious name,
Yet, oh! teach me, weak and sinful,
How your praises to proclaim.

You alone of all God's creatures
(For your soul was pure and fair)
Were found worthy of the treasure
He confided to your care.

Meet it was with love so patient,
And with heart so undefiled,
You should guard the sweet Madonna,
And protect the Holy Child.

Brightest Angels and Archangels,
Trembling, with veil'd face adore

Him whom, lovingly caressing,
In your gentle arm you bore.

Safely nestled on your bosom,
Folded in His swathing bands,
Yet He ruled the whole creation
With His tiny baby-hands.

Dear Saint Joseph, high the honour
Which your purity had won,
Calling Him who clothes the lilies
By the name of Foster-Son.

With what rapture (none can know it)
Did you labour in the shed,
Knowing that the world's Redeemer
Looked to you for daily bread!

Who can tell the countless graces
That descended from on high,
Filling all your soul with gladness
As the happy years went by?

But the gentle Saviour, knowing
How your heart, so true and brave,
Would have grieved to see Him suffer,
When you could no longer save,

Bade you die before Him, pillowed
On His Virgin-Mother's breast;
Ere His public life had opened,
You had sweetly sunk to rest.

Happy death, oh, grace of graces!
This last grace we crave and claim
From God's mercy, dear Saint Joseph,
Through your prayers and in your name.

T. N. D.

SAINT JOSEPH

PURE as the mountain's stainless snow,
Which yields not to the sunbeam's glow,
And brighter far than all the gems
Which shine in kingly diadems,
Is thy pure soul! O chosen One!
The guardian of God's only Son.

And deeper than the ocean cave,
Which ne'er hath felt the rushing wave,—
So calm in its tranquillity,—
Sweet Saint! is thy humility.
O Spouse of Mary undefiled,
And Foster-father of her Child.

But what on earth, or sky, or air
Shall to thy charity compare?
Oh, surely nought, for Heaven alone
Contains a heart like to thine own,
And she thy ever Virgin-Bride
May well with thee the crown divide.

For all the loves of angel-choirs
Grow dim before thy burning fires,
E'en as the sun's resplendent light
Eclipses all the orbs of night.
O Joseph, Masterpiece of grace!
When shall we see thee face to face?

Ah, hear from Heaven our earnest prayer,
Since children claim a Father's care,
Thou shadow of the Almighty's power,
And stem of Israel's fairest flower.
Thou greatest of the Saints of God!
Who once this land of exile trod.

We ask not honours, pleasures, wealth,
We seek not even life or health,—
These gifts are frail, and fade away
Like flowers before the noontide ray.
One grace we beg, and nought beside,
The love of Jesus Crucified.

For Him to live, for Him to die,
His name to praise and glorify,
And with Him, Mary, ever blest,
Then, sink into thy arms to rest!
O Holiest Father, gain us this,
And we will ask no more of bliss.

ANON.

BEFORE A PICTURE OF SAINT JOSEPH

DEAR, holy Joseph, what a boon is thine,
That little Jesus nestles on thy breast!
Ah, how I envy thee, who art caress'd
By fond embraces of the Babe Divine!
Despite unworthiness, my one design
Is, through thy patronage, to be so blest:
If thou but plead for me, at thy request
His love will gratify this heart of mine.
I dare not ask for it; yet wilt not thou—
Whose father's privilege endures the same
As when in Nazareth—entreat Him now
To cleanse my sinfulness, and sweetly claim
To kiss most tenderly His infant brow
And clasp Him lovingly, in my poor name?

T. A. M.

AN AUSTRALIAN HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH

Saint Joseph, Guardian of the Infant-Lord,
And of His Mother, blest and undefiled,
How often have I prayed, beseeching thee
Have pity on thy child!

How oft have prayed that thou wouldst intercede
At that great Throne, where thou so powerful art,
For one who, undeserving, craved a boon
From her full heart!

And thou didst hear, O holy Patron Saint!
Didst plead to Him, who, on thy living breast,
In bygone days, when He was yet "a Child,"
Did fondly rest!

And He did grant thee what thou didst request,
And smiled in giving, till my joyful tears
Flowed fast,—and I, fresh strengthened by His grace,
Forgot my fears!

For all the favours that I have received
I thank thee here—and humbly vow to be
More worthy of that love which never fails
To plead for me!

M. M.

AN INVOCATION TO SAINT JOSEPH

What wonder if all men their tasks to thee
Daily the whole world round would helpless bring,
Since long ago unto thy care heaven's King
Confided was—and Mary's purity!

Then us reject not, who on bended knee
Crave thy great help, Heaven's choice remembering;
Nor scorn our task as all too slight a thing
For thee who guarded Christ's dear infancy.

To our weak hands the task seems burdensome:
We still must work in dust and partial light;
And yet these white leaves into school and home
We dare to send, scarce sure that they are white;
But if you help us ere the weak words come,
Each page shall still be pure, each message right.

FRANCIS P. M'KEON.

"GO TO JOSEPH!"

"Go to Joseph! Lo, he keepeth
All the treasures of the King!
Unto him your homage render,
And your supplications bring.

"I have made him lord of Egypt,
Placed my ring upon his hand,
Bade him keep the robe of purple,
And the sceptre of command."

Thus the proud Egyptian monarch
To his thronging people said,
When, to share his mighty kingdom,
Forth the captive youth he led.

And unto that Hebrew stranger,
From his lowly prison freed,
Came the suppliant throng, unceasing,
In the time of direst need.

When the golden grain was withered
On the parched and arid plain,
And the harvest treasures filled not
Gleaners' arms, and creaking wain,

When the fearful famine hovered
Darkly o'er the desert land,
Then the royal stores were opened
By the Hebrew's tender hand.

"Go to Joseph!" Blessed summons!
Well that eager throng obeyed--
Egypt's sons, and Syrian strangers,
Sharing all the willing aid.

"Go to Joseph!" Blessed summons!
Lo! 'tis uttered once again.
'Tis the Universal Monarch
Speaks it to His subject-train.

"Go to Joseph!" tender guardian
Of the world's Anointed King,
Bearer of the lily sceptre,
Wearer of the signet-ring.

"Go to Joseph!" for he keepeth
Richer treasures, fairer store,
Than the saintly Hebrew guarded
In that mighty land of yore.

Israel's lily bloomed securely
Where he kept his vigil blest,
And his God in safety slumbered
On his pure and faithful breast.

When the golden store of graces
Withers in the desert soul,
And a dread and dreary famine
Holdeth there its dark control—

"Go to Joseph!" Richest harvests,
Ripened on the fadeless land,
In an infinite abundance
Guarded are by Joseph's hand.

"Go to Joseph!" Never, never
Can that tender hand refuse,
Whosesoe'er the glance uplifted,
Whosesoe'er the voice that sues.

"Go to Joseph!" When Life's pathway
Stretcheth through the desert land,
Think that once unto his guidance
Jesus gave His infant hand.

He will save from tyrant Herods,
Who thy priceless soul would seek;
He will guard from every peril
In thy journey long and bleak;

He will lead through dread Saharas,
Guide thee through the wild Red Sea,
Till beneath the peaceful palm trees
Evermore thy rest shall be.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

LILIES OF SAINT JOSEPH

OH! of all the lovely flowers
That bedeck the garden bowers,
Or illume, with rainbow light, the woodland and the lea,
One is fair amid the fairest,
Richer, rarer, than the rarest,
Ay, the sweet and stainless lily is the queen of flowers for me.

When I see its snowy chalice,
Like a white and shining palace
From its stalk uprising grandly, I bethink me of the rod
With its mystic lilies laden,
That to Israel's royal maiden
Showed the fitting Spouse selected by the miracle of God.

Other blooms of earthly bowers
Sisters are to starry flowers
That, within the fields above us, have their bright, celestial birth.
But thy sheen, O royal lily!
Is the moonlight, calm and stilly,
Shedding streams of silvery splendour o'er the firmament of earth.

Lily leaves of balm and brightness,
Ye have shrined the fragrant whiteness,
From the angel wings reflected, downward through the desert gloom.
And ye blossom sweetly, solely,
For the lighted altars holy,
Emblems of the blessèd Joseph, types of Mary's virgin bloom.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SAINT JOSEPH

EARTH'S lot of lowliness was thine,
Son of her proudest princely line!
As regal gems lie darkly hid
The cavern's gloomy depths amid,

So, by patrician pride forgot,
Concealed in labour's humble lot,
The royal gifts that shone in thee
Lay shrined in dark obscurity.
The glory of thy kingly birth,
Thy graces rare, thy matchless worth,
Thy fair soul-jewel's wondrous glow,
The worldly vision might not know.
Its scornful glances could but see
The artisan of low degree.
Yet Heaven watched, with tenderest smile,
Thy hidden royalty the while,
And sent its white-winged Angels down
To guard the glory of thy crown.
And well the seraph-courtiers knew
Thy regal vesture's peerless hue.
In firmest clasp they saw thee bear
Thy lily-sceptre, pure and fair,
And keep unstained by earthly dust
The bright escutcheon of the just.
'Twas meet that such transcendent grace
Should seek thy soul's fair dwelling-place,
And make thy heart its matchless shrine,
For, ah! what privilege was thine!
Fit guardian of the Queenly Flower
That bloomed in Israel's favoured bower!
Keeper of Heaven's Royal Gem,
The hidden boon of Bethlehem!
Protector of thine Infant-God,
O'er desert paths thy footsteps trod,
Obedient to the blest command
That bade thee seek a kinder land,
Where safe from earthly harm might be
The mystic Babe of Galilee.
Thy patient labour, fondly given,
Sustained the Lord of Earth and Heaven;
And all His holy Childhood fair
Received thy fond, paternal care.

Ay, Heaven to thee its homage paid,
The King of kings thy voice obeyed,
Led by thy kind, protecting hand,
Submissive to thy loved command.
Close following where thy footsteps trod,
Behold thy Saviour and thy God!
Sweet Spouse of Mary, Christ's dear guide,
By light celestial glorified!
Ruler of Saints! thy wondrous life
With love's unmeasured wealth was rife.
Thy Jesus lent His presence blest
When sweetly dawned thy day of rest;
The music of His tender voice
Made thy departing soul rejoice.
Thou gav'st unto His hand again,
Undimmed by shade of worldly stain,
The gift He gave, thy soul's fair gem,
To deck the Father's diadem.
O blessèd Joseph! be our guide
O'er weary wastes and deserts wide.
Give us thy kind, paternal care,
The treasure of thy potent prayer.
Aid us to keep, through sin and strife,
The lily of a blameless life.
And when earth's day of pain shall close,
And Death's calm Angel brings repose,
With Jesus and with Mary, lend
Sweet presence at life's welcome end.
Then, from its broken casket bear
The spirit-jewel pure and fair,
To gleam where shining seraphs bow
Before th' Eternal's kingly brow.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SAINT JOSEPH, PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

HAIL! Patron of the Church of God!
Receive thy fitting trust!
O Thou, on Love's Evangel-page
For ever named "the Just"!
Well didst thou guard the Word made Flesh;
Well didst thou watch beside
The manger-crib, the shrine of straw,
Where Love had deigned to hide;
And safely bloomed, in lowly home,
Beneath thy tender care,
The Rosebud of a royal root,
And Israel's Lily fair.
These were thy treasures, favoured one,
This was the charge conferred
On thee, O Foster-father blest!
O guardian of the Word!
And now the mystic Spouse of Christ
Thy pure protection craves,
While round her rock-built home of love
The wintry tempest raves.
While, searching for her Hidden Gem,
The Herod-minions flood
Her desecrated Bethlehems
With streams of martyr-blood.
Accept the trust, and guard again
The treasures of thy God,
And safely guide the Spouse of Christ,
With lily-blooming rod.
Support her steps, till, at her glance,
Egyptian idols fall,
And bid her blossoms safely shine
By Nazareth's cottage wall.
Direct the wondrous work of Love,
O builder, wise and strong!

Till 'neath His finished temple fair
The gathered nations throng,
And to His Eucharistic Shrine
The Star-led Monarchs bring
The penance-myrrh, the golden vow,
The prayerful offering.
Then shall the grand, prophetic dream
In fair fulfilment shine,
And mighty on the earth shall be
Jehovah's Name Divine,
For Joseph, Patron of the Church,
Accepts his fitting trust.
Rest, faithful hearts! your gems are safe,
Protected by "the Just."
Safe is the Shepherd, high enthroned
On Truth's Eternal Rock,
And safe, in Joseph's potent care,
The Universal Flock.
Safe are the sacramental founts
That soothe the noontide wrath,
Safe holy shrine, and sacred rite,
That deck the desert path.
And through the weary waste, behold!
The Lily-blooming rod
Of Joseph leads the pilgrim-band,
As once it led their God.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SAINT JOSEPH'S NAME

THE children lisp it in their guileless prayers,
And anxious mothers, vexed with many cares,
To sinless Mary's Spouse their wants confide,
And rest content—Saint Joseph will provide.

The Christian father for his patron takes,
And ruler of his house Saint Joseph makes;
That like a second Nazareth may be
That household, in its love and unity.

And Princes of the Church trust in his might,
Who guided, once, the Uncreated Light;
The Church herself, in this first month of Spring,
Bids all her choirs Saint Joseph's praises sing.

And dying lips beseech his company
To pilot them across Death's lonely sea;
While suffering souls, who loved him, wait in peace
The power of Joseph's prayers, to bring release.

Ah, none have ever, pressed by want or pain,
Besought Saint Joseph's help, and asked in vain;
Would God might give our gratitude a voice
Upon his Feast to make the world rejoice,
As seraphs, on their harps of living fire,
Chaunt Joseph's glories, 'mid the heavenly choir.

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

ITE AD JOSEPH

ALL those who fain would venture
By roads the Saints have trod,
Should choose for their protector
The guardian of his God.
For he will never leave them,
Nor suffer them to stray,
But tenderly will guide them
Straight in the heavenward way.

For in life's sharpest conflicts
His smile will sunshine be,
And cheer the most despondent
To each fresh victory.
Ah! no, he will not leave them
In life nor yet in death—
But, Holy Names suggesting,
Receive their latest breath.

And then the soul departing
Will hear the sweet "well done":
That welcome to the faithful
From Joseph's Foster-Son.
But if, in realms of darkness,
Stains must be burned away,
Saint Joseph's prayer will hasten
The Everlasting Day.

M. B.

THE ESPOUSALS OF OUR LADY AND SAINT JOSEPH

Oh, WHAT a glorious sight was there,
As, each to each, that matchless Pair
Plighted their nuptial vows!
Of maidens pure the purest she,
Of Adam's sons the worthiest he
To win so blest a Spouse.

The very Angels stoop'd to gaze,
And watch'd in joy and calm amaze
That work of sovereign grace;
Rejoicing that one favour'd spot
Had 'scap'd the all-consuming blot
That mars Creation's face.

Each year the Church her children true
These chaste Espousals bids review,
And cull their lessons sweet;
That while o'er history's page they roam,
One sinless bond, one spotless home,
Their wearied eye may meet.

Nor let such virtue's arduous claims
Or scare our sight or daunt our aims;
E'en Failure's self may teach:
Though humbled, we may yet admire;
Though baffled, still in faith aspire
To heights we may not reach.

Who nothing dares shall nothing gain;
E'en they who tempt the boundless main
Must step by step begin:
And he may Satan's work undo,
And Eden's bliss in part renew,
Who weeds his way of sin.

F. O.

HOLY JOSEPH, DEAREST FATHER!

Holy Joseph, dearest father!
To thy children's prayer incline,
While we sing thy joys and sorrows
And the glories which are thine.
How to praise thee, how to thank thee,
Blessed Saint, we cannot tell;
Favours countless thou hast given—
Can we choose but love thee well?

Sing we Joseph, Spouse of Mary,
And our childhood's cherished friend:
Favours countless, mercies constant,
Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed and thou hast answered,
  We have asked and thou hast given.
Need we marvel? Jesus tells us,
  Joseph has the stores of heaven.

Spouse of Mary! thou didst guard her,
  Shield us too from every harm;
Guard our pastors, guard our parents,
  With thine own paternal arm.
Patron of the Catholic Church,
  Pio Nono hath thee named:
Guard them well, both flock and shepherd,
  Feed the sheep by Him reclaimed.

Guardian of the Word Incarnate,
  Patron of this lowly shrine,
Bless them all who here may enter,
  Ever God's to be and thine.
One more favour we will ask thee,
  Thou of all canst grant it best—
When we die, be thou still near us,
  Bring us safe to endless rest.
    Near to Jesus, near to Mary,
      And, kind father, near to thee,
    Keep us while on earth we wander,
      And in death our helper be.

ANON.

DEAR SAINT JOSEPH

DEAR Saint Joseph! pure and gentle,
  Guardian of the Saviour-Child,
Treading, with the Virgin-Mother,
  Egypt's desert bleak and wild.

Dear Saint Joseph! Spouse of Mary,
Blest above all Saints on high,
When death's shadows round us gather,
Teach, oh teach us how to die.

He who rested on thy bosom
Is by countless saints adored;
Prostrate Angels in His presence
Sing Hosanna to their Lord.
Now to thee no gift refusing,
Jesus stoops to hear our prayer,
Then, dear Saint, from thy fair dwelling
Give to us a father's care.

ANON.

JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH

O JESUS! name at which beyond the skies,
All hearts exult with holy jubilee;
At Thy sweet sound, what longing thoughts arise,
That I at length may live to none but Thee.

O Mary! name to which we fondly turn,
Assured to find a never-failing aid,
Present to God that love with which you burn,
And oh, by it, for hapless sinners plead.

O Joseph! name that points the just man's way,
Oh yes, thou art our good and gracious friend;
Assist thy children while on earth we stay,
That we may walk securely to the end.

O sacred names! come dwell within each heart,
Be there engraved in characters of love,
And oh, when from this exile we depart,
Then waft our spirit to the realms above.

ANON.

BETHLEHEM, EGYPT, NAZARETH

SAINT of the cave of Bethlehem!
Dear guardian of our Lord!
After thy Spouse, first worshipper
Of the Incarnate Word.
Obtain for me thy poverty,
Thy spirit so resigned,
Thy deep and meek humility,
Thy calm and peaceful mind.

Saint of Egyptian banishment!
Protector of our Lord,
Sojourner long in sweet content
With the Incarnate Word!
Obtain for me thy promptitude
To rise at duty's call,
And face with holy fortitude
My trials great and small.

Saint of the House of Nazareth,
Supporter of our Lord!
The first to lead a hidden life
With the Incarnate Word!
Teach me to do my daily task
For love of Him, like thee;
His love and grace are all I ask,
And thy fidelity.

Saint of a deathbed's holy charms!
Belovèd of our Lord,
The first to die within the arms
Of the Incarnate Word!
At my last hour be near to me,
Bring Mary to my side.
To Jesus, Mary, and to thee
My deathbed I confide.

M. S. M.

HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH

WHAT Saint in heav'nly choirs above
Deserves so well our filial love,
As he whom Jesus chose below
On Him his service to bestow?
O Joseph, mightier was thy reign
Than that which earthly kings attain;
The Son of God, his Mother Queen,
Submissive to thy word were seen.
Let others boast of sparkling gold,
Of precious hoards of wealth untold;
The riches 'neath thy roof concealed
To paradise might scorn to yield.
Let Cæsar or proud Herod sway
A thousand realms that fleet away;
Thy Foster-Son as erst will still
Industrious thy desires fulfil.
E'en as He once His might could strain
At thy command the board to plane,
In glorious majesty thy prayer
Will ever move His hand to spare.
And Mary needs must fondly gaze
On him who celebrates thy praise;
Her honour, her renown and thine
Unyielding links together twine.
Thy supplication from disease
Thy client's tortured body frees.
Celestial balsam heals his hurts,
Or patience into joy converts;
Nor less when sin's foul cankers blight
Our tepid souls in Angel's sight.
May thy breast, burnt with love's sweet flame,
Warm our dull hearts to share the same!
'Twas Jesus held thy dying head,
And Mary smoothed thy lowly bed.
Oh, help us then in that dread hour,
When most we need thy saving power. S. J.

SPONSUS VIRGINIS

O HOLY Joseph ! Virgin Spouse
Of heaven's own peerless Queen,
Present to her dear Son our vows,
Whose guardian thou hast been.

No prayer of thine can be unheard,
For it was given to thee,
The father of the Eternal Word,
His earthly guide to be.

With Mary thou didst first behold
The God made Man on earth,
With her it was thy bliss untold
To greet Him at His birth.

And then to clasp Him in thy arms,
That beauteous Babe Divine,
To gaze upon His infant charms—
This privilege was thine ;

To see Him grow in age and grace
And wisdom's fairest light,
To know and view Him face to face,
Who forms heaven's sole delight ;

To hear His words of life and light,
That soothe in sorrow's hour,
And, when afflictions fain would blight,
Bestow their healing power.

But, oh ! it was thy sweetest bliss,
In Jesus' arms to die.
A fearless hour to thee was this,
For the Holy One was nigh.

His sacred arms embraced thee then,
And at thy parting breath

He whispered "We shall meet again,
To part no more in death."

O glorious Saint! then plead for me,
Thou canst not plead in vain,
That I may one day follow thee
In the sinless Virgin's train.

ANON.

SAINT JOSEPH

WHY have I sought thee, thou gentle Saint?
Why have I gazed on thee, longing to paint
A picture of love like thine,
Of thy shrouded sanctity, dwelling apart,
In the depths of thy beautiful, tranquil heart,
That wondrously guarded Shrine?

Tender thou art, and never severe,
But yet, with a feeling akin to fear,
I lift the veil of thy life:
I watch thy footsteps silently go
Through passing joy, through abiding woe,
Through peace and through weary strife.

Silent thou art, one precious word
From thy holy lips we have never heard,
And yet we can almost feel
Thy breathings of trustful, unshaken faith,
Of fortitude, conquering life and death,
Over our spirits steal,

When we see thee, Father, so weak and old,
The strong, the omnipotent God enfold
With softly protecting care,
Gazing upon Him adoringly; still,
So placid, so free from the fitful thrill
Of our own inconstant prayer.

Poor was thy dwelling, and poor indeed
Thy scant supply for the Infant's need,
But never a brief complaint ;
Never a longing for added store,
A wish that poverty's struggle was o'er,
Moved thee, thou patient Saint.

All that thou hadst thou wouldst freely bring,
With a royal heart, to the Child, thy King—
He was the Master there ;
And thou, in thy sweet humility, went
O'er the road He traced for thee, calmly intent
On His service, dear and fair.

Loving thou art. Alas ! for me,
Through the cold earth-mists I can never see
The burning, consuming light
That hallowed the Nazarene mountain-home,
That blessed thee wherever thy steps might roam,
That shone through Egyptian night.

The Child and the Mother and thou, whose hand
Guided them on through the earthly land,
Till thy wonderful task was done,
And age stole near thee with noiseless tread,
Touched with its glory thy bending head,
Like a beam of the setting sun.

Over thee brightly the Angels smiled,
Round thee the arms of the Mother and Child
Were clasped in a long embrace,
And the earthly voice of the Sacred Heart
Whispered " In peace and in joy depart,"
While, flushing thy quiet face.

The radiance of Love's first sweet surprise
Told that the Judge in the heavenly skies
Had come with a crown for thee ;

Had led thee away to the Patriarch's rest,
Till the Day-Star rose that proclaimed thee blest
In the Land of Eternity.

Yes! gentle Saint! I have sought thee there,
Yearning to win thy fatherly care
For the passing souls on earth.
Oh! when thou hearest the agony-bell,
Will not the blessed and sorrowing knell,
That tells of immortal birth,
Call thee, dear Father, with mighty cry,
To the shrinking and sin-stained ones who die
Trembling at wasted worth?

Yes! by the bliss of thy closing hour,
Come with thy soothing, resistless power
To the pillow of death and pain.
And then, let the dew of thy comfort shed
Balm on the saved yet suffering head,
Till the Purgatorial chain

Casts its dark links away, as the light
Of the Saviour's smile disperses the night,
And the Child, the Mother, and thou
Can bear away to the radiant Land
Another gift to the ransomed band,
Crowning the Victor's brow.

SISTER GERTRUDE OF LORETTO.

MONTH OF SAINT JOSEPH

HAIL, thou precious month! nor need we
Say why thou art always dear,
Why, save winsome May, thou'rt dearest
To our hearts, of all the year.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Glorious Patron, dear Saint Joseph!
Well thou knowest why, to-day,
We accord thee loving homage,
And our humble tributes pay.

Again thy faithful clients greet thee,
Kneeling, suppliants at thy shrine,
And with more than wonted ardour
Welcome this sweet month of thine.
With the opening year it cometh,
Breathing in its very air
Hopes rekindled, morning's freshness;
Wooing grateful hearts to prayer.

We have culled the spotless lily,
Placed it at thy sainted feet;
None, among our springtime offerings,
For thine image seems so meet.
Purer far than e'en its fragrance,
Whiter than its petals too,
Was thy human heart, Saint Joseph,
Holy heart of stainless hue.

Holy Church doth style thee Patron
Of her vast domain and wide;
Dearer titles still we give thee:
Loving father, friend, and guide.
Countless blessings strew our pathway,
Gifts procured by thee above,
Where, save Mary, thou art greatest
In thy power, as in thy love.

Friend thou art, the kindest, truest,
Aiding, when on thee we call;
With paternal love untiring,
Watching o'er thy children all;

Listening to their fervent pleadings
With a tenderness benign,
Though thy happy arms enfolded
To thy breast the Child Divine!

Thou wert guide upon life's pathway
When our feet unfaltering trod;
Shall we seek a guidance surer?
Thou hast led the Infant-God.
Still direct us, gentle Patron,
Let us feel thy tender care;
When our trusting hearts invoke thee,
Dear Saint Joseph, hear our prayer.

C.

PRESENTATION CONVENT, CORK.

TO SAINT JOSEPH

AGAIN thine own sweet month we greet,
With fond devoted hearts to-day;
Again, in homage at thy feet
We come, dear Saint, our gifts to lay;
How poor soe'er the offerings be,
They will not be declined by thee.

And askest thou what we have brought
That could augment thy treasures rare?
On earth, or e'en in heaven, is aught
That could transcend thy riches there,
Profusely dowered as thou art,
From source divine—the Sacred Heart?

First floral offerings of the year—
Sweet children of the early spring,
And foremost thine own emblem dear
With loving hearts to thee we bring—
Though pure their fragrance round thy shrine,
Scarce meet for spotless heart like thine.

Methinks I see thy looks benign
Shed on us, suppliants, from above,
And that paternal heart of thine
Revealing its pure depths of love,
Whene'er with trustfulness we claim
Thine aid, or speak thy tender name.

Recipients of thy bounty oft,
We come to thank for favours given,
And waft anew to thee aloft
Petitions to thy throne in heaven.
Nor fearest thou, gentle Saint, that we
Shall e'er exhaust thy treasury.

Secure in bliss, with nought to fear,
Look from on high, with pitying gaze,
Upon thy trusting clients here,
And guide them through life's dreary ways
With all the light thy wisdom hath ;
Thou knowest the dangers of our path.

Thy perfect life of hidden worth,
Of humble, lowly toil, had been
Divinely modelled while on earth—
No holier type hath e'er been seen.
And in thy death—oh, wordless bliss !
What joy doth crown a life like this !

C.

PRESENTATION CONVENT, CORK.

SAINT JOSEPH'S CHARGE

Spake of old the shining Angel to Saint Joseph, Mary's Spouse,
When the Magi had departed from his lowly little house;

While the midnight shadows floated, like a veil, o'er Bethlehem.
(Like a veil of dusky tissue, 'sprent with many a starry gem!)

In his dreams, the great Archangel spake to Joseph warningly:
"Take the Infant and His Mother, rise, and into Egypt flee!"

Lo! behold, the Saint arising woke the Mother from her sleep,
Roused the Babe upon her bosom from His slumbers calm and deep,

And beneath the friendly cover of the night, without delay,
Swift across the arid desert unto Egypt sped away.

In that hour of wordless terror, dread of Herod's cruel sword,
When upon the weary journey Mary bore her Son and Lord,

Think you that her face was clouded, that her brow was dark with care?
That the anguish of the exile marked her virgin features fair?

Think you that her soul was riven with a wild, o'er-
mastering fright?
That her thoughts were tempest-driven, as the leaves
by storm-wind's might?

No! ah, no! beneath her mantle, to her bosom closely
pressed,
Lay the Holy Infant Jesus, sleeping sweetly on her
breast.

Calm her brow, serene and peaceful as a drift of moon-
lit snow:
Like to mountain lakes, all tranquil, shone her placid
eyes below;

Tokens of a soul untroubled, of a heart whose virgin
zone
Shrined the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a treasure all its
own.

How could anguish rend her spirit, sorrow cloud her
visage blest,
While that Holy Heart was beating, burning, glowing,
on her breast?

Joy of Angels, bliss of heaven, light and bloom of earth
below!
Heart of Jesus! only Mary all Thy joy and bliss could
know.

And the while, across the desert, through the woodland
and the wild,
To the darksome land of Egypt fled the Mother with
her Child;

All the strength and all the sweetness of the Sacred Heart divine
Flowed into her stainless bosom, like a draught of golden wine,

Filling all her soul with courage, nerving all her maiden heart,
With a noble, deathless vigour none save Jesus can impart.

Clients of that Heart celestial—to It bound by tenderest ties,
Finding in Its sparkling fountain all the goods of Paradise,

Let us follow through the desert sainted Joseph, Mary blest,
Holding fast the Heart of Jesus like a buckler on the breast—

Sure that nought of sin or sorrow, nought of doubt or wild despair,
Can assail that happy bosom which that golden shield doth bear;

Sure that in the land of Egypt, when that Heart asserts its sway,
All the idols of the Gentiles, tottering, shall fall away.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH!

HAIL, holy Joseph, hail! sweet Spouse of Mary, hail!
Pure as the lily flow'r in Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! father of Christ esteemed;
Father be thou to those thy Foster-Son redeemed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! prince of the house of God;
May His best graces be by thy sweet hands bestowed

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! beloved of Angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint, and guide the steps that fail.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made Flesh was subject as a son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! teach us our flesh to tame;
And, Mary, keep the hearts that love thy husband's name.

Mother of Jesus! bless, and bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls that to Saint Joseph cry.

FATHER FABER.

THE HOLY FAMILY

PRAISE, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
The Three on earth most like the Three in heaven
Praise, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
To whom this heavenly likeness has been given.

'Mid Nazareth's sequestered mountains
How lovely was the Household of the Three;
And by the desert's crystal fountains
What secret wonders did not Angels see!

Then by the dark Egyptian river,
Joseph, the Mother, and the marvellous Child,
Heard the chill nightwinds softly quiver
In the tall palms or o'er the sandfields wild.

Sweet Family! swift years are speeding;
Thrice ten have passed o'er Nazareth's secret home.
Poor weary world! it lies all bleeding;
Why should it wait? why should not Jesus come?

Sweet Family! thy charms detain Him;
Thou savest Him from an untimely woe:
From men who would too soon have slain Him,
He hides in thee, God's paradise below!

O House of Nazareth! earth's heaven!
Our households now are hallowed all by thee.
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear Earthly Trinity.

Sing to the Three with jubilation!
Husbands and wives, parents and children, sing!
Sing to the House from which salvation
Flows o'er your homes, as from a hidden spring!

Now praise, oh! praise the sinless Mother;
Praise to that household's gentle Master be!
Praise to the Child who is our Brother!
Praise to Saint Joseph's Holy Family!

FATHER FABER.

SAINT JOSEPH, PATRON OF A HAPPY DEATH

THERE are many Saints above,
Who love us with true love,
Many angels ever nigh;
But, Joseph! none there be,
Oh, none that love like thee—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou wert guardian of our Lord,
Foster-father of the Word,
Who in thine arms did lie;
If we His brothers be,
We are foster-sons to thee—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,
For ever at her side,
Oh, for her sake hear our cry;
For we follow in thy way,
Loving Mary as we may—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou to Mary's virgin love
Wert the image of the Dove
Who was her Spouse on high;
Bring us gifts from Him, dear Saint!
Bring us comfort when we faint—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Sadly o'er the desert sand
Into Egypt's darksome land
As an exile didst thou fly;
And *we* are exiles too,
With a world to travel through—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

When thy gentle years were run,
On the bosom of thy Son
Like an infant didst thou lie;
Oh, by thy happy death,
In the tranquil Nazareth—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

FATHER FABER.

SAINT JOSEPH, SPOUSE OF OUR LADY

DEAR Spouse of our Lady, dear nurse of her Child,
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild,
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah, blessed Saint Joseph, how safe shall I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, if thou art with me!

O Blessed Saint Joseph, how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth!
The father of Jesus,—ah, then, wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, a father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God,
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh! canst thou bear *me*?

A cold, thankless heart, and a mean love of ease,
What weights, blessed patron, more galling than these?
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh! canst thou love me?

Ah ! give me thy burden to bear for a while ;
Let me kiss His warm lips and adore His sweet smile.
With her Babe in her arms, surely Mary will be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, my pleader with thee.

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth ;
O father of Jesus, be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, and I will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There is no Saint in heaven I honour like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh ! deign to love me.

FATHER FABER.

SAINT JOSEPH TO THE INFANT JESUS[1]

JESUS ! let me call Thee Son,
  Since Thou dost call me Father ;
How I love Thee, sweetest One,
  My God and Son together !

As my God I Thee adore,
  And as my Son, embrace Thee ;
Let me love Thee more and more,
  And in my bosom place Thee.

Since Thy guardian I must be,
  My treasure I will make Thee ;
Do not Thou abandon me,
  And I will ne'er forsake Thee.

[1] This and all the poems that follow are translations.

All my love henceforth is Thine,
My very life I proffer;
And my heart no more is mine,
For all I am I offer.

Since to share Thy presence sweet
To choose me here Thou deignest;
Shall we not in heaven meet,
Where Thou for ever reignest?

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

QUICUNQUE SANUS VIVERE

(*Translated*)

To all who would holily live,
To all who would happily die,
Saint Joseph is ready to give
Sure guidance and help from on high.

Of Mary the Spouse undefiled,
Just, holy, and pure of all stain,
He asks of his own Foster-Child;
And needs but to ask to obtain.

In the manger that Child he adored,
And nursed Him in exile and flight
Him, lost in His boyhood, deplored,
And found with amaze and delight.

The Maker of heaven and earth
By the labour of Joseph was fed;
The Son by ineffable birth
Submissive to Joseph was made.

And when his last hour drew nigh,
Oh, full of all joy was his breast;
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
As he tranquilly slumber'd to rest.

All praise to the Father above;
All praise to the infinite Son;
All praise to the Spirit of Love,
While the days of eternity run.

FATHER CASWALL.

Another Version of the preceding Hymn

WHOE'ER would live a holy life,
Whoe'er in joy would die,
Let him Saint Joseph's aid implore
And on his help rely.

He Jesus' Foster-father was,
The Virgin-Mother's Spouse;
Just, faithful, pure, whate'er he asks,
Their grateful love allows.

Adorer of the Child Divine,
Consoler in His flight,
When lost, he seeks Him tearfully,
And finds Him with delight.

The mighty Maker of the world
On him for bread depends;

To him the eternal Father's Son
His will submissive bends.

When death drew nigh, he saw with joy
The dawn of heaven's day;
With Jesus, Mary, by his side
He sweetly passed away.

Whoe'er would live a holy life,
Whoe'er in joy would die,
Let him Saint Joseph's aid implore
And on his help rely.

ANON.

HYMN AT VESPERS

TE JOSEPH CELEBRENT

JOSEPH, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride,
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,
Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung,
Through all the realms of light.

Thee, when amazed concern for thy Betrothed
Had fill'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,
An Angel visited, and, with blest words,
Scatter'd thy fears away.

Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born;
With Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee;
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find;
O grief, O joy for thee!

Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain; but unto thee was given,
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God,
As do the blest in heaven.

Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
Unto the starry mansions to attain;
There, with glad tongues, thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain.

FATHER CASWALL.

HYMN AT MATINS

CŒLITUM, JOSEPH, DECUS ATQUE NOSTRÆ

(*Translated*)

JOSEPH, our certain hope below!
Glory of earth and heaven!
Thou pillar of the world! to thee
Be praise immortal given.

Thee, as Salvation's minister
The mighty Maker chose;
As Foster-father of the Word;
As Mary's spotless Spouse.

With joy thou sawest Him new-born,
Of whom the prophet sang;
Him in a manger didst adore,
From whom creation sprang.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Ruler of sky and sea,
Whom heaven and earth and hell obey,
Was subject unto thee.

Praise to the sacred Trine who thee
So glorifies on high,
And for thy merit's sake may we
Be sharers in thy joy.

FATHER CASWALL.

HYMN AT LAUDS

ISTE QUEM LAETI

(*Translated*)

WORSHIPPED throughout the Church to earth's far ends,
With prayer and solemn rite,
Joseph with joy triumphantly ascends
Into the realms of light.

Oh! blest beyond the lot of mortal men!
O'er whose last dying sigh
Christ and the Virgin-Mother watched serene,
Soothing his agony.

Loosed from his fleshy chain, he gently fleets,
As in calm sleep, away;
And, diademed with light, enters the seats
Of everlasting day.

There, throned in power, let us his loving aid
With fervent prayers implore;
So may he gain us pardon in our need
And peace for evermore.

Glory and praise to thee, blest Trinity!
One only God and Lord,
Who to thy faithful ones unfailingly
Their aureoles dost award.

FATHER CASWALL.

DEI QUI GRATIAM

(*Translated*)

SEEK ye the grace of God
And mercies from on high?
Invoke Saint Joseph's holy name,
And on his aid rely.

So shall the Lord, well pleased,
Your earnest prayer fulfil;
The guilty cleanse from guilt, and make
The holy holier still.

So shall His tender care
To you through life be nigh;
So shall his love with triumph crown
Your dying agony.

Lock'd in the virgin arms
Of Mary and her Son,
Embracing each in speechless joy
And sweetest union.

O Joseph, in what peace
Was breathed thy latest sigh!
Dear pattern of all those to come
Who should in Jesus die!

Hail, mightiest of Saints!
To whom submissive bent
He whose Creator-hand outstretch'd
The starry firmament.

Hail, Mary's Spouse-elect!
Hail, guardian of the Word!
Nurse of the Highest, and esteem'd
The father of the Lord!

Blest Trinity, to Thee,
One God of earth and heaven,
And to Saint Joseph's holy name
Be praise and honour given!

FATHER CASWALL.

O HAPPY JOSEPH!

(*From the French*)

HAIL, Joseph, hail! to thee the humble homage
Of a heart burning with thy love I give,
And pledge myself for ever from this moment,
O happy Joseph, 'neath thy law to live.

What lot was ever worthier of envy,
O mortal blest beyond all mortal race?
The fruit of Mary's womb, thy own sweet Jesus,
We too adore Him in this sacred place.

O thou whom Jesus honoured as a father,
Whom Mary loved as Spouse and truest friend,
Ah, from this moment till our life's last moment
Let thy most potent prayers for us ascend.

Next after Jesus and His Holy Mother,
O happy Joseph, my heart's love hast thou ;
Deign here below to be to me a father,
And place in heaven my crown upon my brow.

M. R.

PRAY FOR THY CHILDREN

(*From the French*)

Holy Spouse of Mary,
List to what we say.
On thy throne in heaven
For thy children pray.

Thou didst here to Jesus
Tenderest worship pay :
Be to us a father,
For thy children pray.

Of His birth the witness,
In thy arms He lay.
Guardian of His childhood,
For thy children pray.

Powerful protector !
When life ebbs away,
In that hour, we pray thee,
For thy children pray.

On that last dread journey
Guide us lest we stray;
Till we're safe in heaven,
For thy children pray.

M. R.

A FRENCH CANTIQUE

(*Very freely translated*)

Spouse most chaste of that pure Mother
Who for children takes us all!
Thou, Saint Joseph, art our Father,
And as such to thee we call.
Witness of Christ's childhood sweet,
Faithful guardian, we entreat
Of His innocence a share,
Show to us a Father's care.

Fair that lily is and graceful,
Shining in your toil-worn hand;
Its celestial whiteness paleth
All the crowns of heaven's bright band.
Virgin Spouse of Virgin Spouse!
Greeting thee, that lily bows.
May our bosoms ever be
Pure enough to think of thee!

Ah! if sin perchance should lead us
To dark Egypt and its charms,
In our flight watch patient o'er us,
Bear us in thy loving arms.
Dreary stretch the desert sands;
'Mid the rocks lurk robber-bands.
Thou didst once o'er waste as wild
Save the Mother and the Child.

Show to us that Babe of glory
Who the false gods broke in twain.
In His triumph we triumphant
Shall our idols smite amain.
When on Jesus loud we call,
Down the vanquished demons fall,
Joseph, as they fell of eld
While thy arms the Infant held.

Back to Holy Land soon guided
By that mighty hand of thine,
We shall copy thee, Saint Joseph,
Living with the Child Divine.
For His sake and in His sight
We shall toil from morn till night,
Wondering how the day has gone,
With our Jesus looking on.

Thou wilt tell us how to love Him,
How to give our full heart's store—
How each day His sovereign beauty
Kindles hearts still more and more.
He is fair and good for me
As for Agnes and for thee:
Why, then, is my love so faint,
So unlike to thine, sweet Saint?

Thou wilt teach to us His silence
And His meekness lowliest,
His adorable obedience
And the love that burns His breast.
Who the secrets can impart
Of that Saviour's loving Heart
Better than thyself? But one—
She who more than *called* Him Son!

Sainted Patriarch, head and guardian
Of the Holy Family!
'Neath that humble roof admit me
Where my God abode with thee.
Child with Mother here we find—
Saviour meek and Mother kind.
With Saint Joseph, last of three,
Holy must the household be.

Let me see Him at the table,
Let me watch Him ere He wake;
I beside His couch thrice blessèd
Would with Him sweet slumber take.
All the works and woes of life,
All except its sin and strife—
Jesus bore them all. He wept,
Hungered, thirsted, toiled, and slept.

'Neath thy care and with thy succour
May my day of life be passed,
That in Jesus' arms and Mary's
I like thee may die at last!
Pray for me, Saint Joseph, pray!
Pray until my dying day—
Till in heaven I Him adore
Whom thine arms paternal bore.

M. R.

MY TRUST IN SAINT JOSEPH

By an Italian Redemptorist

Ferma in seno ho la speranza
Di trovarmi un giorno in cielo,
A goder senz' altro velo
La Divina amabiltá.

Firm in my breast this hope I fold,
That I shall be in heaven one day,
And that, with every veil away,
I shall God's loveliness behold.

Of arrogance accuse me not,
Or foolish daring, till you hear
What potent friend and patron dear
Has made me hope for such a lot.

The road to heaven is hard, I know,
And winds o'er many a rugged steep ;
The weary pilgrims groan and weep
Beneath the burden of their woe.

Narrow and rough the heavenward road,
I know it ; but there is an arm
To bear me onward safe from harm
And help me with my heavy load.

I have with me, I have with me,
King David's most illustrious son,
Who such transcendent fame hath won
For justice and for sanctity.

I have with me the Spouse beloved
Of Mary, Virgin pure and fair,
Whose womb did the Almighty bear,
Whose fruit the primal blight removed.

I have with me the minister
Through whom the mystery was wrought,
Which to the world its Saviour brought,
Who was its ruin to repair.

He is with me—bow down each head
In reverence to his name of might—
Joseph is with me : were it right,
With help like his, to doubt or dread?

M. R.

SAINT JOSEPH'S CHILDREN

(*From the French*)

FILLED with a holy joy, in praise
Of Mary's Spouse, oh ! let us raise
Our voices, for Saint Joseph shares
Towards us her loving, tender cares.
Then in our grateful hearts his name
Near hers a foremost place must claim
Yes, Joseph, Mary's children true
Must be thy loving children too.

Our God to thee His servant just
His Mother's honour gave in trust ;
And shining on thy heart I see
The lily, type of purity.
That lily our hearts, too, must wear—
Ah, never may it wither there !
It will not, Joseph, if we be
Children of Mary and of thee.

O faithful guardian, in whose care
A treasure lay, most high and rare.
Thou who a King of heavenly birth
Didst rescue from a king of earth—

Hear, hear our cries! Defend us well
From all envenomed darts of hell.
Remember, Mary's children, we
Must thine own children also be.

And when at last that hour arrives
When God shall burst our mortal gyves,
Run to our aid, sustain, control
The trembling and affrighted soul.
Guide, then, our steps until we come
To our eternal happy home,
Where, Joseph, we at last shall be
Children of Mary and of thee.

M. R.

SALVE, PATER SALVATORIS

(*Translated from the Latin*)

I.

Hail, Foster-father of our Lord!
Who o'er the Saviour dost keep ward,
Saint Joseph amiable and sweet!
Hail, Spouse of God's own Mother blest!
My Jesus was thy grateful guest;
Hail, thou in whom such marvels meet!

II.

Oh, blessèd and delightful life
With truest joy and comfort rife,
Whilst thou didst nurse thy Lord, and feed;
While Son and Mother thou didst tend,
And guard and faithfully defend,
And help them both in every need.

III.

On Jesus oft thine eyes would rest,
And oft thine arms have Jesus pressed—
Oh, blessedness most sweet and true!
Thy cheek to His was gently laid,
Thy kisses fondly were repaid—
What rapture then thy bosom knew!

IV.

Now thou wouldst call Him God and Lord;
"My King!" was next thy loving word,
Whilst thousand raptures filled thy breast;
Now "Father," to adore and praise,
Now "Son," to cherish all thy days,
Each day a thousand times caressed.

V.

To dwell with Mary face to face
And Jesus tenderly embrace,
Oh, what delights, how deep, how high!
To hold Him clasped within thine arms,
Him to possess with all His charms—
Oh, riches that no worlds could buy!

VI.

With love thy heart's blood went and came,
While living flame fed living flame
With raptures of consuming love,
The Infant to thy bosom pressed,
Or on His Mother's lap at rest,
Smiling at Her who bends above.

VII.

The sweetness of that love immense,
The ardour of that fire intense—
  Which of them most inflamed thy breast,
Filling the spirit's darkest night
With consolation and delight,
  Unutterable peace and rest?

VIII.

He, he alone could this declare
Who love's sweet conflagration bare
  Within his bosom meek and mild;
He only this high rapture knew
Who gave the Mother love most true,
  And with the Mother loved the Child.

IX.

The Child and Mother served thee both,
Both were thy subjects, nothing loth,
  All, all thy hidden lifetime through;
And thou in turn didst both revere
And love with tenderness sincere,
  With consolation deep and true.

X.

The Mother's hands thy meals prepared,
The Son thy humble labours shared—
  Partner adorable, divine!
Thy labours o'er, thy seat was found
Where Love the simple table crowned,
  And sweetest converse then was thine.

XI.

Oh, sweet the days of labour blest,
And sweet the nights of happy rest,
  And sweet the holy intercourse—
With Him and Her alone to dwell,
Loving so well and loved so well,
  True comfort drinking at its source.

XII.

And when at last thy life was sped,
Thou hadst them both around thy bed;
  Thou sawest those who loved thee most
Bending above on either side,
And, while each soothing art they tried,
  Thou sweetly yieldedst up the ghost.

XIII.

How holy, with what zeal on fire,
Saint Joseph, was thy life entire!
  How joyful, too, thy parting breath!
In purity and peace to die,
Jesus and Mary praying nigh—
  Oh, what a happy, happy death!

XIV.

Who could thy glory dare to dim,
Thus near and dear to Her, to Him?
  Who would not for thy favour sigh,
And strive thy client true to be,
Hoping to reach at last through thee
  The heavenly fatherland on high?

XV.

O Joseph, worthiest of love,
Of honour all the blest above,
Of chastity O perfect flower!
The Author of all gifts and grace
Has raised thee to a special place
Of merit, dignity, and power.

XVI.

Thrice happy is the soul and blest
To whom it is allowed to rest
Beneath thy strong protecting arm;
Happy whom thou wilt deign to fold
Within thy patronage and hold
Secure from every sin and harm.

XVII.

Vile and unworthy though I be,
Yet speak a loving word for me
To thy meek Spouse and to her Son.
I give my heart to thee and these:
You, you, all Three, I wish to please—
Smile on me, and my fight is won.

XVIII.

He who is favoured by these Three
Lives joyous, from all terror free,
Though dangers darken and increase;
He whom these Three will shield from harm
Lives safe from every wild alarm,
And dies at last in joy and peace.

XIX.

My Jesus, mercifully hear
The prayers of thine own Mother dear
And of thy father and thy friend.
Ah ! by Thy filial love for each,
And by their honour, I beseech,
Forsake me never till the end.

XX.

Spouse of my Patron kind and dear,
Mother of God, O Mary ! hear,
And hear propitiously my cry.
Oh, by the flower Saint Joseph bears,
And by his love and by his prayers,
Do not thy gracious help deny.

XXI.

My Joseph, throned in bliss above,
Whom all should honour, all should love,
Thou know'st that my belov'd thou art.
Oh, make me love thee, I implore,
And honour thee still more and more
For ever and with all my heart.

XXII.

My Jesus ! O my Mother dear !
Saint Joseph too ! with filial fear
I'll serve you, and with filial love :
Help me that worthily I may
Serve you, and come at last one day
To love you in your home above.

XXIII.

Oh, may I see you, with you stay,
And in your joy rejoice for aye,
  And never part from you again!
Oh, may I in your heaven have share,
And love and praise and bless you there
  In glory without end! Amen. [1]

M. R.

COPTIC HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH [2]

Thou in very deed wast worthy
To behold the Word of beauty,
Joseph, son of kingly David,
Joseph, innocent and just one,
Thou wast worthy to receive her,
Holy Mary, God's own Mother,
Till she bore her Son, the Saviour,
Christ the Son of the Almighty.
Thou didst hear, for thou wast worthy,
Gabriel's voice his gladsome tidings
Speaking thus: "O Joseph, fear not,
Take thy wife, yea, take her to thee;
That which shall be born of Mary
Cometh of the Holy Spirit."

[1] I have sought in vain the name of the writer of this hymn. Some of the correspondents of *The Tablet* referred me to Father Chazourne's *Vie du R. P. Barrelle, S.J.*, tome i., page 372. But the hymn which Father Barrelle propagated and perhaps wrote has eleven stanzas of only four lines each. Every line of that hymn is used in our original and duplicated with extraordinary skill. Père Barrelle almost certainly came first.

[2] This poem and the following have been translated by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O.C.S., in an interesting article on Eastern Devotion to Saint Joseph in *The Dublin Review*, April 1895.

Truly Joseph, son of Jacob,
Thou wast fit that men should call thee
Father of the Lord's Anointed,
Of the Son of God that liveth.
Who of all the priests and prophets,
Who of all the kings was worthy
To behold what thou beheldest,
Joseph, son of Royal David?
Hail to thee, for thou art blessèd!
Joy to thee and endless gladness!
Joseph, just and saintly father,
Holy husband of the Virgin,
Pray to God for us, for pardon,
That our sins may be forgiven.

ARMENIAN HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH[1]

In the day when death approaches,
In my danger near me stand;
Holy guardian of our Saviour,
Hold to me thy helping hand.
Think how Jesus, with thy Mary,
Stood beside thy bed of death;
Let my lips their sweet names utter,
Blended in my parting breath!
Who is this, the Child thou bearest,
Whom thy arms with love enfold?
'Tis the Lord, whom saints and prophets
Yearned to see in days of old.
Even as a son He loves thee,
Gives to thee a father's right,
He the Son of God, whose wisdom
Rules the changing orbs of light.

[1] See note to the preceding poem.

This broad earth and all it holdeth
  Standeth by His might alone,
And He rules the heavens, where seraphs
  Trembling stand before His throne.
Yet He deigns to let thee clothe Him,
  Lets thee toil to give Him food,
He that gives the birds their plumage,
  Feeds the raven's clamorous brood!
Holy guardian of our Saviour,
  For thy help we sinners pray:
Never, never from thy pleading
  Will He turn His head away.
Wilt thou be to us a refuge?
  We shall 'scape the demon's power;
Thou with Jesus and with Mary
  Art our hope in that dread hour.

O DEAR Saint Joseph, Foster-father of our Divine Redeemer, and Spouse of our holy Mother Mary! You lived with them and toiled for them through all the years of the Hidden Life, and you died in their arms. By the love you bear to them, and the love they bear to you, pray for us always, and guard us. Obtain for us, O patron of a happy death! the grace to live and die in God's love and favour, that we may spend our eternity with Jesus and Mary and with you, O dear Saint Joseph.

M. R.

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